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C O N V E N T.

By the AUTHOR of
MEMOIRS of Mrs. WILLIAMS.

In THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

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L E T T E R S

B E T W E E N

The Right Hon. Lady LUCY SCOTT.
and the Hon. Miss BOLTON.

The Right Hon. Lady LUCY SCOTT
to the Hon. Miss BOLTON.

AFTER a very pleasant journey, during which Lady *Jane* practised the name of *Neville*, till I am heartily sick of it already; we arrived safe and well at *Hoptonball*, and were met by Lord and Lady *Kelfo* and their son, with the highest demonstrations of joy: Lady *Plumstead* and her daughter, you may be sure, preceded me. Whilst compliments

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in

in abundance were paying them, I took a fly look at Lord *Malcom*, who, in return, looked tenderly and joyously at my Ladyship. Lady *Plumstead* then presented me as a young Lady of birth, merit, and fortune, who was placed under her care and protection, on the decease of her parents, who were, she said, her particular friends. My Lady *Kelfo* hugged me to her breast, and the old Lord paid several very polite compliments to my person, and my Lord bowed respectfully to Miss *Neville*. As my father is an older peer than Lady *Jane's*, she frequently forgets herself, and is pushing me into the room before her, when I am obliged to pinch her, in order to make her recollect that I am her inferior. I admire the situation of this house, *Julia*; it is romantic, and agreeable beyond description: such

such a number of hills, dales, wood and water, as renders it an earthly paradise: Then I like the owners of it vastly. Lord *Kelfo* is an accomplished man of fashion of the last age, very gallant; and as he knows Lady *Jane* is on the verge of matrimony, he flirts it a good deal with me; his son looks grave and shy at me, because, when we are obliged to act a part, we generally over-do it; his behaviour is therefore constrained and cold, from a terror lest he should betray any tenderness for me. The other day after dinner I went up to the harpsichord, but finding it locked, was quitting it; when Lord *Kelfo* said, why, *Augustus*, what are you about? give the key of that instrument to the muse, who wants to play upon it, and who will, I am persuaded, shew that she excels in music, as she does in every thing

she undertakes. Lord *Malcom* smiled at the reproof, and, begging pardon for his absence, declared, that he had not observed me; (though, by the bye, my dear, he observes nothing else) then approaching me, he presented the key, squeezing my hand at the same time. Lord *Kelfo* cried, "won't you open it for the Lady?" "Lord! the young fellows of this age are not half so attentive and gallant as they were in my time." So saying, he advanced, opened the instrument, and set me a chair, requesting politely that I would accompany it with my voice. You know, my dear, that I am rather vain of my musical talents, so I instantly began to play and sing a favourite air in one of the new operas. The old peer (who is, I find), a great admirer of music, listened to me with a pleased attention; and

and when I had done, he exclaimed, Heavens, 'tis very lucky for me that I am not five-and-twenty! for if I was, you would infallibly turn my head, Miss *Neville*, you are such a Syren. I bowed my thanks, when he desired his son to accompany me with the flute; he fetched it immediately, and (to say no more than the truth) we formed an agreeable concert between us. The old Nobleman appeared in raptures during the performance, and when it was over, he declared that it was too much for one woman to possess such beauty, talents, and merit, as I did; adding, that any one of the three would have been sufficient to have made all mankind my slaves. Lady *Kelfo* laughing, said, “a truce
 “with your compliments, my Lord,
 “or I shall be seriously jealous of
 “Miss *Neville*.” Many other oblig-

ing things were said in my praise by the two old Ladies, all of which were calculated to raise me in the opinion of Lord *Kelfo*: I knew their motive, and therefore was not offended at their flattery, which at another time I should have thought very ill placed.

Lord *Malcom*, Lady *Jane*, and I, frequently, when the weather will permit, ride out on horseback together; when the former makes himself amends for the restraint he is under of concealing his passion from his father. 'Tis on these occasions that his tongue expresses the overflowings of a grateful heart, for my ready compliance with his presumptuous plan (as he calls it); and I, laughing, tell him, that I only did it to oblige myself. Lady *Kelfo* told me yesterday (when she and I were alone) that she was the happiest of beings, in the hope of soon
calling

calling me her daughter. Did not I tell you, my dear, said she, kissing me, that my Lord *Kelsö* could never resist the power of your attractions? As we were going to bed last night, he said to me, "My dear, the more I see of Miss *Neville*, the more I admire her; I really think her, in every respect, the most desirable young woman I ever knew; and if I was a young fellow of fortune, and she not worth a groat, I declare I would prefer her in her shift to all the rest of her sex. What a happy man must he be who can obtain her heart; but perhaps her affections are already engaged, and if so, *Augustus* is let into the secret, and that is the reason why he appears insensible to the charms of so lovely a girl; for I cannot conceive it possible to look at her with indifference.

“ I am sure, if he can, he has no
 “ blood of mine in his veins. I wish
 “ her heart had been free when she
 “ came here, because I think Lord
 “ *Malcom* and she would have made,
 “ not only a very amiable, but a very
 “ happy couple.” I smiling, answered,
 (said Lady *Kelfo*) I think so too,
 my Lord, and perhaps *Augustus* is in
 love with Miss *Neville*, but does not
 chuse to declare himself till he is cer-
 tain of having your approbation. He
 cannot doubt of that, replied he, for
 I have shewn my admiration of the
 young Lady as much as I possibly
 could, in order to encourage him to
 make his addresses to her; and if I am
 not vastly mistaken, the sweet girl has
 no aversion to him. Here we dropped
 the subject, said her Ladyship: “ And
 “ now, Lady *Lucy*, you see things
 “ will just turn out as I foresaw they
 “ would

“ would, and Lord *Kelso* will propose
 “ the match to his son and Lady
 “ *Plumstead*, as a thing he has set his
 “ heart upon.” I begged that affairs
 might not be precipitated, as I told
 her Ladyship—I wished Lord *Kelso* to
 have a longer acquaintance with me
 before I discovered myself, lest, as his
 present approbation of me for a daughter-in-law, was rather an affair of taste
 than judgment; he might, upon knowing
 my real name, change his opinion
 of me, from its not having had time
 to take sufficient root in his mind.
 Her Ladyship replied, that upon that
 head, as well as on all others, I should
 command; nor would she act in the
 affair, but as I dictated.

Lord *Plumstead* left us the day after
 our arrival here, and we don't exactly
 know the time of his return: Lady
Plumstead tells us, that the father of
 my

my lover has had frequent conversations with her on the subject of my marriage with his son, as he takes her Ladyship to be my guardian. She answers him, that the affair must, in a great measure, depend upon the young people ; and that when they have declared themselves upon the subject, she will begin to think seriously of the matter. In this situation are my affairs at present ; where I shall leave them to tell you, that I yesterday had a letter from Mrs. *Lewis*, in which she writes me, that on her brother's return to his wife, after expressing her joy at seeing him again, she informed her husband that she had secured her jewels by a stratagem, which was this : She had laid the plan with *Fletcher* for her going off with Mr. *Hackit*, and he was to go on some pretence out of town, in order to appear not to know
any

any thing of the matter ; and lest it should look like a concerted thing, he proposed her staying a day or two after his departure, before she set out for *Scotland*. She promised obedience to his commands ; but on seeing him depart, formed the scheme of going off the very day he did, lest the girl, who was with her, might have had orders to inspect her baggage, so as to have suffered her to take only what *Fletcher* pleased away with her. She therefore sent the girl of an errand, which, to execute, would take her a considerable time ; and then flew to her lover, who was ready to receive her in a post-chaise and four ; so that *Fletcher* was in fact, as much surprised at her elopement as he affected to be. She was induced to act in this manner, she told Mr. *Hackit*, from an incident which happened at *York* races. “ A Lady

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“ one night sitting next her in the
 “ assembly-room, admired her jewels,
 “ saying, they were very fine, and
 “ had, she perceived, been set in the
 “ *East-Indies* ; adding, I cannot be
 “ mistaken in that circumstance, be-
 “ cause I myself have some mounted
 “ in the same way, which I bought
 “ in *India* ; and your nosegay, Miss,
 “ is vastly like one I have seen Mrs.
 “ *Homes* wear at *Madrafs*, which was
 “ given her by a Nabob, as her hus-
 “ band was then governor of the
 “ place.” I took the liberty of asking
 this Lady her name ; she answered,
 “ *Smith*, and I live in *Golden-square*.”
 I did not think proper to discover my-
 self to her in a public place, so was
 contented for that time, with carefully
 retaining in my memory her name and
 place of abode. I now made no doubt
 but the jewels in question had been
 stolen

stolen from my father by the *Wilkers* and their gang; and therefore, from that time determined to keep them in my possession, if possible, till Mrs. *Wilker* (who pretended that they were hers, and she only lent me the use of them) could prove a legal right to them. They have, I am pretty certain, been valued at upwards of ten thousand pounds; and if so, as I really believe them to be, lawfully and justly my property, we need not starve Mr. *Hackit*. I wrote a line to *Fletcher*, which I left upon the table on the day of my escape; in which I narrated to him, *verbatim*, the conversation which had passed between the Lady and I at the rooms; telling him that I was determined to keep the jewels till he could prove to me that I had no right to them; which, when he would do, I gave my word of honour to restore them

them to him exactly as I had received them from Mrs. *Wilker*. Mr. *Hackit* justly applauded his wife's prudence, and *Kitty* tells me they are now gone to town, in order to find out Mrs. *Smith*. I most heartily wish them success in their enquiries; for I am convinced that Mrs. *Wilker* and her brother are vile people, as I am, my dearest *Julia*, that *George Boothby* is a dangerous man. I suppose you are in *London* by this time, so have directed my letter there. The country is, in my mind, beginning to be in its greatest beauty now, when we are going to quit it; however, 'tis a good time of the year for travelling. I hope you won't set out for *Paris* before I reach *London*; let me know when you have fixed the time, for that reason. Lord *Malcom* desires his best respects; Lady *Jane* writes herself, and all thank
you

you for the history of the nun; for though it made us cry, yet it assured us what a hard fate was hers. Think of that, *Julia*, and cease to repine. Adieu, my dear girl, I die to see you.

Yours, &c.

Hopton-hall.

LUCY SCOTT.

P. S. Mrs. *Lewis* tells me that *Susann* looks chearful, and grows fat.

Miss BOLTON to Lady LUCY SCOTT.

WE have now been a week in town, my dear *Lucy*, where I most impatiently wish to see your Ladyship. The play (I won't say farce) you are acting, seems to be drawing towards the last act, if not quite the last scene: I sincerely give you joy on your success; though it could not admit of a doubt, if Lord *Kelso* made any

any use of his five senses. We were all invited to dine at Sir *Francis Merton's* yesterday; his Lady honoured the table with her presence: The young couple had been presented the day before to her Catholic Ladyship, and were most graciously received, as were the rest of the bride's family yesterday; but so reserved is her natural address, that she almost froze me. Lady *Ludlow* perceived the effect it had upon me, and smilingly said, 'tis very cold, Miss *Bolton*, but I'll stir the fire for you. My Lady *Merton* is a fine woman still, but there's a dejection in her countenance which gives one pain to look at her; occasioned, I suppose, by the demolition of all her schemes and labours with regard to her son. I own I could not help feeling for her; for if she really believes that there is no salvation out of the pale of her
own

own church, it must be a dreadful reflection that her husband and only child are both irrevocably doomed to everlasting misery. What a pity it is that this poor woman has not less faith and more charity!

*Louisa e il suo caro sposo**, lodge pretty near us, so that we are perpetually together; it was thought right by the old folks, that the young ones should live by themselves for some time at least. The other day I went to pay a visit to a distant relation of my mother's (*Lady Clayton*), where I found a good deal of company. On my cousin's mentioning my name, a young gentleman, who sat near me, looking stedfastly at me, said, "excuse me, "Madam, if I take the liberty of "asking you, if you are not acquaint-

* Her dear husband.

“ed with Lady *Lucy Scott*?” Affuredly, Sir, I replied, I have that honour; she is my most intimate friend. and you live with Mr. *Boothby*, Madam? “I do, Sir.” He now begged pardon for interrogating me thus, telling me his name was *Hackit*; when turning to as pretty a woman almost as I ever saw, he took her by the hand; and, presenting her to me, he said, This is my wife, Miss *Bolton*, to whose story you can be no stranger, I am sure. I saluted her, and said some civil things upon the occasion. Lady *Clayton*, I found, was perfectly acquainted with their affairs; I therefore ventured to ask Mr. *Hackit* what he had done with that wretch *Wilker* and her brother? They are gone off, he replied, no body knows whither; but we have made some important discoveries, which, when ever you,
Miss

Miss *Bolton*, will permit my wife and I the honour of waiting upon you, we will communicate, as a continuation of my wife's story ; the former part of which you have probably heard from Lady *Lucy Scott*. I said, I had ; and should be extremely glad of their company, as well as to render them all the services in my power as my friend's deputy, who I knew had their interests warmly at heart ; and that, I myself, was by her much prejudiced in their favour. Mrs. *Hackit* spoke upon many subjects during the course of the afternoon and always with great good sense and modesty. I like her much ; her husband seems to be very fond of her, which gives me great pleasure. I find they are at law with Sir *Jasper* for the estate which the young man's grandfather left him. He tells me that his title to the pos-

session of it, when he became of age, is proved past a doubt by the old man's will; so they will have a hundred pounds a year at least besides a sum of money, and Mrs. Hackit's jewels, in spite of Sir Jaffer; and with these they may contrive to live decently till his death. What barbarians are those parents, who can thus rob their children of their bread, merely to enrich themselves! Avarice, my dear *Lucy*, is a vice which I could never understand; 'tis strange to wish to acquire what we have not spirit to make any use of.

Mr. *Boothby* told me a thing the other day, which greatly surprised me; it was, that upon my absolute refusal of Lord *Malcom*, he had flung my fortune immediately into Chancery; for, said he, as I perceived that you was determined, Miss *Bolton*, to take

a wrong step, in spite of all my endeavours to prevent it, I have put you under the care of the Lord High Chancellor, by whom you must be guided, and who will most certainly, from the duty of his office, put the man into prison, and punish him other ways who shall dare to marry you without his permission whilst you are under age. I looked very grave, and answered, that it was pretty much the same thing to me, since I should not find his Lordship more averse to my happiness than he himself had ever been. Yet, *Lucy*, I am sorry he has done so, because I sometimes hoped to mollify him on the subject; and 'tis, I really believe, for fear that I should have succeeded, that he has put it out of his power to be persuaded. The strict probity of this worthy man ought to be a model for all guardians

to copy from. I must now wait on the Chancellor, it seems, to ask his leave before I can quit the kingdom. My God! what plagues are riches? How readily would I relinquish my large fortune to be made mistress of myself, and ten thousand pounds only at this very moment! And then—but hold—how difficult is it for us to plan out our own happiness? Perhaps our wishes, if attained, might make us wretched. I shall therefore follow the advice of that great philosopher *Marcus Aurelius*, who says, “ resign thyself chearfully into the hands of fate, to dispose of thee just as it pleases.” *George Boothby* has taken chambers in the *Temple*; I seldom have seen him since the conversation which passed between him and I in the garden at *Farnaby Abbey*; he has behaved to me with an air of distant respect

respect from that time. I don't apprehend any violence from him now, that my fortune is secured in Chancery; but perhaps he may not yet be informed of that circumstance; yet I fancy he is too, and that's probably the reason of his behaving so very cool to me: however, the first opportunity I can find, I will mention the affair before him.

Lady *Jane* writes me, that you and your lover ogle one another at so unmerciful a rate, that she is amazed all the house don't discover the mutual passion you have for each other. But one must feel the distemper one's self (she says) in order to read as accurately as she does in the book of love; or otherwise, she avers, that your whole plot had been discovered on the meeting of you and your lover, though neither of you spoke. She tells me

C 4

she

she longs to return to town, and en-
 quires much after your brother, who,
 I must say, is very good, for we see him
 almost every day ; though I suppose
 his chief motive for coming is, to talk
 of his lovely *Jenny* (as he calls her)
 for he is never tired of the theme.
 Lord and Lady *Longsdown* were well
 yesterday ; I spent two hours with
 them at their own house : they want
 you home sadly. I am to go to a
 masquerade at *Cornely's* next week ; I
 hate the thing, but must comply with
 the intreaties of my friends : Lord
Tatton is to be my beau, that's an in-
 ducement. Lady *Ludlow*, Sir *Fran-*
cis, Mr. and Mrs. *Merton*, your bro-
 ther, and myself, are the party.
Louisa is so absorbed in love and ma-
 trimony, that I am quite lost for a
 companion. Do make haste back
 to

to the arms of my dear *Lucy's* most affectionate and faithful friend,

South Audley-street. JULIA BOLTON.

Lady Lucy Scott to Miss Bolton.

WE have had a ball here, my dear *Julia*; Lord *Malcom* was obliged (because of her quality) to dance with Lady *Jane*. Miss *Neville* wanting a title, was engaged by a young rustic, who squeezed my fingers almost off, and twirled me round so violently, that it was with difficulty I could keep myself upon my legs: he called me *Miss* at every word. I thought Lady *Jane* would have expired with laughing at us; her partner, however, was not quite so well diverted at the scene as she was, for he looked both grave and angry at the clown, who was, I find, a man of family

family and fortune; nay, he told me so himself, and ended with saying, "Now will you have me, Miss?" I answered, No. "Why, that's short, said he; but what is the matter with me?" Nothing that I know of, answered I, only I am already engaged. "Nay, nay, that's quite another thing (cried he), now you speak sense; I thought there was something in the wind, or you would not have been so ready to refuse a hearty young fellow with twelve hundred pounds *per annum* in his pocket; for my part I love constancy, and so you are in the right to stick to your first choice; but I am sorry though that your heart's bespoke, for I would have married you though you had not been worth a groat, look ye, for I love to please my eye." I thanked him for his generous intentions, and did

did not fail to boast the next day of the advantageous offer I had made me by the squire. Lord *Kelfo* looked thoughtful, after I had related the conversation which passed between my sweetheart and I, not liking, I suppose, to hear that my affections were engaged. Miss *Neville*, said his Lordship, I am not in the least surprised that beauty like yours should have the same power which *Iphigene's* had on *Cymon*; but I own myself sorry to hear from your own mouth, that your heart is disposed of; I flattered myself that you had brought it with you to *Hopton-hall*. I answered smilingly, indeed, my Lord, you judged very right, for I have it with me here at this very moment; but I was obliged to say something in order to get rid of the man's impertinence. I am heartily glad, replied he, to find that you was
not

not serious in the declaration. After dinner, Lady *Jane* was called upon for her toast; she gave Lord *Tatton*, I *Harry Boothby*: And when Lord *Malcom*'s turn came, he said Lady *Lucy Scott*. I coloured from surprise; Lord *Kelfo* observed me, and, I believe, was in hopes that the emotion which I had shewn on the mentioning of that Lady's name proceeded from jealousy. He asked me if I knew Lady *Lucy*? My answers confirmed his suspicions; for upon his enquiries of me, whether she was really as handsome and amiable as fame spoke her to be? I answered slightly, that there was no deciding on taste, but that in my own opinion she was neither amiable nor handsome. Lady *Plumstead*, her daughter, and Lord *Malcom*, all contradicted my assertion warmly, vowing, I could not think as I spoke. I had
much

much ado to keep my countenance during this ridiculous dispute. When we arose from table, Lord *Kelfo* took his son's arm, and they walked into the Park: we women went to cards. On the return of the Gentlemen, I complained of being tired of play; upon which Lord *Kelfo* politely offered to take my place; I most readily resigned the seat to him, and immediately went a walking with Lord *Malcom*. He then told me with rapture, that his father had proposed his making his addressees to me, as being, in his opinion, a person calculated to make any man happy in the marriage state, &c. Lord *Malcom* answered his father by a ready obedience to his will; upon which, in order to encourage him, I suppose, he declared he was much deceived if Miss *Neville* had not an inclination for him; at least, he

was

was sure that he was not indifferent to her. He then asked his son, if his heart was really touched by my personal charms, as well as with my accomplishments? To which he replied, that he had loved me from the first moment he ever saw me, and had only suppressed the declaration of his passion till he was more thoroughly acquainted with his father's sentiments on the Lady's character and fortune, &c. as it was his fixed determination never to marry without his Lordship's approbation of his choice. I not only approve of it you see, *Augustus*, said his father, but strongly recommend Miss *Neville* to you as a wife; if you are not happy with her, I am sure it will be your own fault. Well, Sir, replied his son, this very day I will declare my pretensions to the Lady; but give me leave to observe to you, that
my

my passions are strong, and when once fixed, they are so for life; therefore I flatter myself that I may depend upon your steady approbation of this match; for should any unforeseen objection arise to impede our union, I candidly tell you, Sir, that I shall never be brought to relinquish the possession of so fine a girl, let your reasons be what they will. O, as to that matter, answered Lord *Kelfo*, you may rely upon my not altering the resolution I have taken of joining you together. I am too thoroughly convinced of the Lady's merit ever to change my mind; and if her fortune don't turn out to be the half as much as Lady *Plumstead* seems to suppose it to be, that shall make no difference with me, as 'tis the woman I want for you, not the money. Lord *Malcom* and I agreed for him to inform his father, that I had

had received his addresses in the most favourable manner. On our return into the drawing room, the old Lord looked at his son and me with an enquiring eye; we both appeared in good humour, and pleased with each other, which I saw his Lordship observed with pleasure. The next day he surprised Lord *Malcom* kissing my hand: I blushed; when he said, my dear Miss *Neville*, don't be ashamed of making a worthy young man, who adores you, happy; and, in return, his mother and I will make it the business of our lives to contribute to your mutual felicity, if you will confirm ours by consenting to become one of the family. Indeed, my dear young Lady (continued he), we are so charmed with your company, that we cannot bring ourselves ever to consent to part with it. I told his Lordship, that I
 thought

thought myself much honoured by his choice, assuring him, that I should use my utmost endeavours to render myself worthy the favourable opinion he had so kindly conceived of me. Then you consent to be my child, do you, Miss *Neville*? Say so, my lovely girl (continued he); I felt confused, and answered, yes, my Lord, if my friends approve of it. He kissed me, and then presenting my hand to his son, There, *Augustus*, said he, take her, and try to deserve such a treasure if you can. He now left us in order to ask Lady *Plumstead's* consent to our union, as he supposes me to be her ward, and that she has the disposal of me; she had her lesson, and therefore told his Lordship, that I had a few distant relations whom it was necessary to consult on the occasion; but that she could pretty well answer for their

ready acquiescence to the match. A few days after all these things were thus happily settled (I still insisting that my real name should not be discovered till I had received my father's consent to my marriage, for which purpose I had wrote to my mother), Lord *Plumstead* arrived at the hall. After the first compliments were over, he said, looking at me, " My dear " Lady *Lucy*, I beg your pardon, but " I have a packet of letters here, " which came for you a week ago, " and I did not send them to you, as " I expected to be here every day " since I got them; but Lord and " Lady *Longsdown*, your brother Lord " *Tatton*, and all the rest of your " friends are well." Guess (if you can) at my confusion, and Lord *Kelso's* surprize at the close of this speech. I instantly rose, and approaching him,

2

said

said, forgive me, Sir, for thus deceiving you, I have no apology to make but the true one; it was the tender regard which Lord *Malcom* and I had long since conceived for each other, and the fear of your disapprobation of *me* for a daughter-in-law, that induced us to form this innocent scheme in order to obtain your consent to our union: Do, dear Sir, said I, forgive Lady *Lucy Scott*, in favour of your favourite Miss *Neville*. He caught me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, with his eyes full of tears, cried, forgive you, my angel! you have no forgiveness to ask of me; 'tis I that am to entreat your pardon, for not having paid you all the respect due to your rank. I thought, some hours ago, that I could not have loved you better than I then did; but my admiration of your character is much

D 2 heightened

heightened from what I have just learnt. What condescending goodness is yours, thus to have stooped to the humouring of an old man's caprice, in order to preserve the peace of your lover's family ! for I will not deny, continued he, that had my consent been asked before I had known you, Lady *Lucy*, I should most indubitably have refused it. My prejudices are now all vanished (said he), and have given place to the warmest sentiments of friendship and esteem towards every individual of my sweet girl's family. Here he rose from his seat, when taking Lord *Malcom*'s hand and mine, he joined them, saying, thus, my dear children, I unite you, may God bless you both, you are indeed worthy of one another. He then embraced us with an emotion of tenderness, that melted all present. Lady *Kelfo*'s joy
at

at this scene was inexpressible. I am now reinstated into my long lost honours; Lord *Kelso* has wrote to my father, Lady *Kelso* to my mother; Lord *Malcom* and I have followed their example, so that in a few months my romance will, I suppose, end as they all do, in matrimony; for after that, a heroine is not worth mentioning, the parson gives the *coup de grace*, and she is never heard of more.

Lord *Plumstead* laughed heartily at his * *etourderie* (as he justly called it); but vowed he had totally forgot that my name was *Neville*. We easily pardoned him in favour of the event; and, in fact, it proved as good a † *denouement* to the ‡ *petite* piece, as we could possibly have invented.

* Blunder.

† End.

‡ Farce.

I long vastly to hear more of the *Hackits, Julia*; God send the poor girl may get her fortune again; pray my kind compliments to them. Your guardian has acted like himself, and I am not sorry for what he has done, as I think it will effectually check all *George's* schemes against you, for schemes he had I am certain; therefore the sooner you acquaint him with the circumstance the better, I think. Adieu, my ever dear *Julia*, I wish you more pleasure than you seem to propose to yourself in going to *Soho*. A masquerade is well enough to see once; but as every individual mask ought to have wit, in order to support their respective characters, and that, unfortunately, but few of them are helped even with common sense, the scene after the first quarter of an hour becomes (in my opinion) excessively stupid,

stupid, and even tragical; for one cannot help sighing as *Xerxes* did on another occasion, on looking at his army; not that they would all be dead in a few years, but that the world should have produced such a number of fools, and the wise be obliged to herd with them. Adieu, my ever dear friend, yours faithfully,

Hepton-ball.

LUCY SCOTT.

Mrs. MERTON to the Right Hon. Lady

LUCY SCOTT.

Dear Madam,

AS I am no stranger to the sincere friendship which has from infancy subsisted between your Ladyship and Miss *Bolton*, I can easily imagine what must be your anxiety, at not hearing from your *Julia*: I have therefore preferred the being a messenger of

ill news, rather than suffer your Ladyship to remain under a painful suspense with regard to your friend; but how shall I find courage to wound your gentle bosom with the terrible event I have to relate? You doubtless was informed by Miss *Bolton* that we were all to go to a masquerade at *Carlisle House*; we did so, Lord *Tatton* was to have the care of *Julia*. There was a prodigious croud, so that we were obliged to walk two by two, and were frequently separated from the rest of our company, because we could not walk abreast. Miss *Bolton* danced with your Ladyship's brother; I looked at them some time, when growing weary with standing, I went into another room to seek a seat, there being none empty in that they were dancing in. I had not been there long before I saw my Lord *Tatton* coming up to me; when,

when, with an air of surprize, he said, Mrs. *Merton*, where is Miss *Bolton*? I thought she had been with you: I left her (continued he) in the ball-room whilst I fetched her a glass of negus, and, on my return, could not find her. My God! cried I, I have never seen her since I left your Lordship and her a dancing together above half an hour ago. We instantly all agreed to set out different ways in search of her, as we supposed she might probably have gone into one of the other rooms, in quest of a seat as we had done: We sought, however, in vain through all the apartments, and in every corner of the house; your brother and Mr. *Merton* enquired of every chairman and hackney coachmen if they had seen a young Lady (describing her dress) go away? But were answered, that so many people passed and repassed

repassed perpetually, that they had made no observations on any one in particular. Distracted with terror on her account they returned to us: We were all at a loss to conceive what was become of her; when Lady *Ludlow* said, perhaps she was tired, and had slipped home unperceived, lest out of politeness Lord *Tatton* should have supposed it necessary to have accompanied her. This thought (though improbable) made his Lordship get into a chair, and go immediately to my father's to enquire after her; but he soon returned to inform us that she had never been at home. I shall not attempt to describe the agony this piece of intelligence flung us all into. However, finding that she was certainly not in *Carlisle* house, we resolved all to leave the place and go to my father's: we did so, and waked the good
old

old man to tell him that his ward was lost. He, as you must suppose, was under the utmost consternation and concern, at hearing our account of the matter.—It was now three o'clock in the morning; advertisements were wrote instantly, and sent to all the daily papers, offering a vast reward to the person who would give any light into this mysterious affair. My father, poor man, whose affliction is extreme, waited on the Chancellor the next morning; his Lordship promised to take every possible method of finding out either the Lady or her ravisher. Notice is given to all the turnpikes, inns, sea-ports, &c. to stop her and her companion (supposing she has one) wherever they shall be met with, on pain of high penalties. Indeed, Madam, we are all lost in a chaos of conjectures, to divine what has happened
to

to this dear girl, and where she can be gone to, and with whom ; we know she had no attachment to any man but my brother *Harry*, and he is abroad ; nor do we know of any Gentleman's having paid his addresses to her since my Lord *Malcom*, and he is a man of honour, and engaged to your Ladyship. In short, we are all miserable about her ; my father and mother are really almost out of their senses at the loss of their darling (as they call her) ; and to complete our misfortunes, my brother *George*, who might have been active in the affair, and comforted his afflicted parents, has been gone above this week to *Oxford*. Adieu, Madam, you shall certainly hear from me the instant I can gain any intelligence of our lost friend. My heart is bursting while I write these lines ; we weary heaven with our prayers for her safety
and

and restoration to her family and friends. I am, with many apologies for being the cause of pain to your Ladyship, dear Lady *Lucy's* ever obliged, and obedient humble servant,

South Audley-street. LOUISA MERTON.

The Right Hon. Lady LUCY SCOTT to
GEORGE BOOTHBY, *Esq;*

SIR,

THE interest I take in my friend Miss *Bolton's* welfare, obliges me to reveal to you my suspicions with regard to her being run away with from the masquerade. It is with difficulty that I can bring myself to wound your parental tenderness, by declaring, that I believe your son *George Boothby* to be the ravisher. I know he has made love to her more than

than once ; and I also know that her answers have been decisive in the negative : Nay, she has threatened to inform you of his addresses to her, in case he ever ventured to renew them. Now, Sir, the man who can so far deviate from his duty and honour, as to attempt the seducing of a young Lady who is under your guardianship, into a clandestine marriage with himself, is, I am convinced, capable of taking any violent method of attaining his purpose. I know he is ignorant of her fortune's being thrown into Chancery, or he would never have run away with her : On the knowledge of that circumstance he will probably leave her, but will he restore her to you ? No, he will rather use his utmost endeavours to secrete her from your enquiries, in order the better to hide his own villainy. Excuse the epithet,

epithet, Sir, it must sound harsh to a parent's ear ; but I am persuaded it is justly applied, and the love I bear my friend, permits me not to disguise my sentiments on an occasion where her honour, nay, perhaps, her life is at stake. I am with the most perfect esteem, and the highest veneration for Mr. *Boothby's* virtues, his ever obedient humble servant,

Hopton-hall.

LUCY SCOTT.

Lady LUCY SCOTT to Mrs. MERTON.

I Am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Madam, for your goodness in writing to me ; I was indeed made miserable by my *Julia's* long silence : Alas, her very name chills my blood with terror, lest she should at this moment be suffering the most barbarous outrages from the monster who has betrayed

trayed her ; I tremble at the thought, and my heart beats convulsive with the most frightful apprehensions. May the Almighty protect the most perfect work of his hands ! he must, he will preserve innocence like hers : my trust is in *him* who never yet forsook the truly virtuous ; yet I cannot resign myself so far to his dispensations, as not to suffer the most violent agitations on my *Julia's* account. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, till I hear some news of her. Lord *Kelfo* and his son have sent orders to the post-houses to stop all passengers on their road to *Scotland*, who may be found any way to resemble the description they have given them of the person of my unhappy friend and her inhuman ravisher. Write to me, my dear Madam, it is charity ; my fears and apprehensions kill me ; my eyes stream with tears,
and

and my heart is bursting with grief. I know not what to write, only I am certain of being Mrs. Merton's ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

Hopton-hall.

LUCY SCOTT.

Mrs. MERTON to Lady LUCY SCOTT.

IN consequence of the letter which your Ladyship wrote to my father, he immediately dispatched a messenger to fetch *George* from *Oxford*; the man returned, assuring him, that his son had not been seen there since his return to *England* from his travels. Judge of his disappointment and grief on receiving this information; he instantly clapped his hand to his heart, and with a deep sigh, said, "Yes, Lady "*Lucy Scott* is in the right, and my "son is the villain she suspects him "to be." There is now an advertise-

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ment

ment put into the papers by my father, describing his son's person, and offering a considerable reward to any one who shall secure him, and bring him to justice; such is the heroic virtue of this good man. The Lord Chancellor has caused to be published a long paragraph in the papers, shewing the penalties incurred by law for running away with an heiress under the guardianship of the crown. But all which has hitherto been done has proved ineffectual; we can learn no news of our dear *Julia*, so we begin now to suspect that *George* has carried her abroad. What a pity it was that her delicacy, lest she should wound her guardian's peace, made her conceal from my father's knowledge the presumptuous addresses of his son; all this might have been prevented. My situation

situation is truly deplorable, I feel for a friend, for my parents, and even for my worthless brother; he must inevitably be ruined by this rash step. O! Lady *Lucy*, it would pierce your gentle heart to see my father and mother's excess of sorrow on this dreadful occasion; I really am afraid that it will be the death of them both. Enquiries are now making at all the sea-ports, and of the masters or captains of vessels, packet-boats, &c. God send they may turn out satisfactory, for I shall never know peace till I am assured of the health and safety of my friend. O, she was singularly amiable! But I shall only hurt both you and myself by enumerating her perfections. I will therefore drop my pen; my spirits are so low, indeed, that I can hardly hold it, to assure your Lady-

ship how sincerely I am your ever
obliged,

South Audley-street. LOUISA MERTON.

From the same to the same.

Dear Lady Lucy,

FROM *Brightelmstone* we have received information, that two young people of different sexes embarked late at night, about a week ago, in a fishing-boat for *France*; that the Lady appeared to be very ill, and shewed great reluctance to the being carried on board the vessel: They conveyed her into it, it seems, apparently more dead than alive. By the account these people give of the Gentleman and Lady, there remains no doubt of their being Miss *Bolton* and *George*. My father, on hearing these circumstances, set out as quick as the horses.

horses could be put to the chaise for *Brighthelmstone*; from whence he purposes to cross immediately to *Dieppe* in pursuit of them. He has wrote to *Harry*, commanding him to send a description of *Julia's* and his brother's persons, to the *Intendant* of the province of *Normandy*, in order to have the fugitives stopped there, if they should be met with. Mr. *Merton* is gone with my father; first, because he speaks *French* as well as a native of the place, and next, because we did not think it proper for the old Gentleman to go by himself, especially at a time when he is under the most violent perturbation of spirits. Our Ambassador at *Paris* has had orders sent him, by his Majesty's command, to cause the strictest search to be made after the travellers. Sure they cannot long escape the being discovered. Unhappy

E 3

youth!

youth ! into what a dreadful situation will your avarice then have brought you ? for I know my brother, Lady *Lucy*, and therefore cannot mistake his motive for committing this desperate action ; money, not love, is his idol. Whatever may be the event of this unhappy affair, it must always wound the breast of your Ladyship's most obedient and obliged humble servant,

South Audley-street. LOUISA MERTON.

Lord TATTON to Lady LUCY SCOTT.

My dear sister,

THIS affair of your friend Miss *Bolton's* flight, has given me inexpressible uneasiness on your account as well as her own. You know on what occasion I was separated from her at the masquerade ; it was a considerable time before I could get any news,

the croud was so prodigious ; when, on my return into the room, I could not find her. 'Tis inconceivable to me by what means she was decoyed from thence, as I had seated her between two Ladies, where she promised to stay till I came back. I have at last found out the two fellows, into whose chair she got on leaving *Carlisle* house : she went into it (they say) of her own accord voluntarily ; they carried her over *Westminster* bridge, when a Gentleman, who had accompanied the chair from *Soho*, took her out, and put her forcibly into a hackney coach : He then gave the chairmen five guineas, charging them to hold their tongues. I have also had the hackney coachman with me, who says, he carried the Gentleman and Lady as far as *Newington*, where a post-chaise was waiting for them : The Gentleman gave him a

guinea, and then put the Lady into the chaise, who appeared to him to be in a swoon. I have seen the post-boy; he says, he drove them as far as *Croydon*, where they changed horses, but not the chaise, as that was hired of his master to go as far as *Brighthelmstone*. You have heard from Mrs. *Merton* that they were seen at that place, from whence they crossed to *France*. The rewards offered in the papers procured us the above pieces of intelligence. Mr. *Merton* writes from the coast that the woman of the inn deposes, “ that
 “ the Gentleman behaved with the
 “ utmost respect to the Lady during
 “ the few hours they stayed in her
 “ house; but that he could not prevail on her to eat or drink any
 “ thing.” She cried bitterly, the woman says, saying to the Gentleman, that the utmost efforts of his cruelty

could not prevent her dying. She attempted to speak to the landlady, but *George* (for it was doubtless him) clapped his hand upon her mouth, and bid the woman leave the room. How my heart bleeds, *Lucy*, for your sweet friend! What a monster must *George Bootby* be, to treat one of your lovely sex with such brutality? My dear *Jane* vows she will not be mine till *Julia* is found, and restored to her friends; adding, that she will be answerable for your following her example, not to damp your bridal joys with the reflection of what your friend may then be suffering; so you see, sister, I am doubly interested in this perplexing affair. Lady *Jane* tells me she left you idolized by all the blood of the *Kelsos*. My father seems very well satisfied with your choice of a husband, being much pleased with
your

your lover's letter to him, as well as Lord *Kelfo's*. My mother says, "'tis very hard to be deprived of your company before you are married:" I think so too, for never brother loved a sister with more reason, or with a more perfect friendship and affection, than does your faithful friend and brother,

Grosvenor-square.

TATTON.

Mrs. MERTON to Lady LUCY SCOTT.

My dear Lady *Lucy*,

I Have just received a letter from my husband, dated *Rouen*; wherein he tells me, that on their landing at *Dieppe*, they traced my brother and *Julia* to that place. Where being arrived, after the strictest enquiries, they could learn no more, than that the Gentleman and Lady had walked out of

of the inn one morning, after having discharged the bill, but whither they were gone they knew not, as it was no business of theirs; adding, that it was several days since they quitted the house. My father and husband now took a walk into the fields, in order to consult what farther steps they should take, to get (if possible) some more intelligence from the landlady, whom they suspected to know more of the matter than she would tell them: When, all of a sudden, Mr. *Merton* cried out, "There's *George*!" My father, lifting up his eyes, saw a man slowly advancing towards them, looking stedfastly on the ground, and dressed in a sailor's jacket; whom, notwithstanding his disguise, he instantly knew to be his son. The old Gentleman flew directly to him, and seizing him by the throat, cried out,

in

in a furious tone, "Villain, have I caught you?" George, who's astonishment at this unexpected salutation I leave you to imagine, attempted to persuade them that they had mistaken their man, affecting not to know who they were; but he soon found there was no trifling with his father, who, together with Mr. *Merton*, led, or rather dragged him to the inn, where they had but just left their servants and baggage: When my father, on entering the house, with a stern countenance, demanded of George, "what he had done with Miss *Bolton*?" He affected surprize at the question, answering, that he had not seen her since he left *England*, therefore could give no account of her. Mr. *Merton* then introduced the landlady to him, who said, she would take her oath that he was the same Gentleman who lay one
might

night in her house at such a time, accompanied by a very pretty young Lady, who made her sit up in her room all night, and then gave her half a guinea for her trouble; and that *he* (pointing to *George*), notwithstanding the Lady's entreaties to the contrary, would stay in the room with them the whole time. To all which, *George* averred, that the woman was mad or drunk, for he swore he never had seen her in his life before. My father now began to remonstrate with him on the atrociousness of the crime he had committed, as well as the folly of it, since it could answer no other end than that of distressing an innocent girl, and bringing dishonour and infamy on himself and family. He steadily denied the charge, swearing that he had never been in company with Miss *Bolton* since he saw her in *Audley-street*.

My

My father lost all patience at being thus trifled with, and told him sternly, " he would perhaps be more candid " when he appeared before my Lord " Chancellor, which he should most " assuredly do, as soon as he could be " put on board a vessel bound for " *England*; where, when he arrived, " the laws of his country would take " care to convey him to *London* at the " King's expence." All this time *George* remained sullenly silent, nor could by any means be brought to give the least information about *Julia*. My father therefore (after having consigned his son to the care of my husband and the servants) went to wait upon the magistrates of the town, when he informed them of the whole affair, part of which they already knew, by the instructions they had received from the ministers, at the solicitation of

of the *English* ambassador, viz. "strict-
 " ly to examine all strangers passing
 " through their town, and to stop any
 " one of them who should answer the
 " description they had sent them of
 " *George Boothby's* person:" They
 were also required to stop the Lady
 too, who was to be treated with the
 utmost respect, and her gallant to be
 put into confinement wherever he was
 found. My father, on hearing this,
 requested that they would send proper
 people to convey *George* to prison, as-
 suring them (on his honour) that *he*
 was the man whom the ambassador
 was in pursuit of. The judge readily
 complied with his desire, and com-
 mitted *George* to jail, where he visited
 him, demanding (by virtue of his au-
 thority) who he was? whence he came?
 and what was his business in that town?
 To which questions he could procure

no

no answer from the prisoner, either by threats or entreaties. They therefore left him; and now made all possible enquiries after the Lady, but to no manner of purpose: so that my father and husband write, that they were going immediately to set out for *Paris*, in order to obtain a permission to search all the convents in the province of *Normandy*, thinking it probable that *George* had placed her in one of them. This is all I know, my dear Lady *Lucy*; God send us better news, prays your Ladyship's afflicted and most humble servant,

South Audley-street. LOUISA MERTON.

From the same to the same.

I Here send your Ladyship the copy of a note which we received by the hands of a sailor yesterday; it will, no doubt,

doubt, give you as much pleasure as it did us. It was directed to my father, and contained as follows :

“ Dear Sir,
 “ Your poor suffering *Julia* has only
 “ time to tell you that she is alive,
 “ and as yet uninjured in her honour
 “ by the ——— (how shall I be able
 “ to call a son of yours by the name
 “ he deserves?) who trappann’d me
 “ out of *Sobo-square* : His disappoint-
 “ ment since I told him my fortune’s
 “ in Chancery is not to be described ;
 “ and would induce him (I am cer-
 “ tain) to restore me to my friends,
 “ if the dread he feels of the conse-
 “ quences, which may attend the dis-
 “ covery to himself, did not hinder
 “ him. God knows what will become
 “ of me, he is so sullen and silent that
 “ I cannot guess at his designs ; and
 Vol. III. F “ he

" he suffers me to speak to no body.
 " I am at a sea-port town in *France*,
 " but its name I am ignorant of. I
 " write this whilst he is paying a bill
 " at the bar. I have little or no hopes
 " of its ever reaching you; but if it
 " should, pray for, and seek after the
 " unfortunate

“ JULIA BOLTON.

The sailor tells us that a pretty boy
 put this letter into his hand, with a
 guinea, at the same time clapping his
 finger to his mouth, as much as to say,
 " Don't speak." The honest lad
 brought it himself, instead of putting
 it into the post, or we should have had
 it much sooner. Who could this pretty
 boy be, Lady *Lucy*? Was it our lost
 friend thus metamorphosed? I fancy so.
 Two mails are arrived, and no news
 from *France*; I am very uneasy at this
 silence.

silence. My poor mother is quite worn down with affliction ; I do all I can to support her spirits, but alas ! I want a comforter myself. Adieu, my dear Madam, ever yours affectionately,

South Audley-street. LOUISA MERTON.

Lord TATTON to Lady LUCY SCOTT.

I Was yesterday, my dear sister, at Mr. *Boothby's*, when a packet arrived from *France*; I promised to give you an account of its contents, though of little or no importance, because Mrs. *Merton* is really very ill as well as her mother.

Mr. *Boothby* writes that they have already examined many convents, but hitherto ineffectually, as they heard nothing of *Julia* in any of them. After this fruitless search they returned to *Rouen*, in order to make a second

visit to *George* ; who, not in the least intimidated by the horror of a prison, obstinately persists in his silence with regard to what he has done with Miss *Bolton*, swearing he will die rather than reveal where she is, lest his brother *Harry* should possess her fortune, which he makes no doubt but he will (if he ever finds his mistress) as soon as she comes of age. I would suffer (said he) any degree of torture, rather than that of seeing my younger brother in possession of a fortune which I have always determined to make my own : As to the girl (though she is pretty), yet I don't care three straws for her ; if I could have her money, *Harry* may take her person with all my heart. This he said to *Merton*, not to his father, to whom he pleads his passion for the Lady, as a reason why he stole her, and why he will not give her

her up. However, I hope *Julia* may be found in spite of his malice in concealing her. Such diligent search is made after her, that I think she must be discovered in the end; in the mean time her fate is uncommonly cruel. I saw *Hackit* the other day; he tells me he has found out his wife's mother, by an advertisement which he read in a news-paper, signifying, "that if Miss *Jenny Homes* was in *England*, and would apply to such a person in the *Temple*, she might hear of something greatly to her advantage." He and she immediately went to the lawyer's chambers, when after his making a strict examination as to the identity of Mrs. *Hackit's* person, he told her he would wait upon her one day in that week, when he should explain himself further on the business. He did so, and brought with him a fine looking woman of

waited

about forty, who declared herself to be the widow of the deceased Mr. *Homes*. The meeting of the mother and daughter (*Hackit* told me) was very moving. She has (it seems) given them some very important lights into her late husband's affairs, so that through her means he hopes to recover a large sum of money: "However" (said he), if I never get a shilling "with my *Jenny*, she is in herself a "treasure above all price." I was pleased, *Lucy*, to find the young man so sensible of his wife's value; he is much improved in his manner, I can assure you. Those old devils at *Ivy Castle* will begin to truckle, I suppose, when they find that the young people don't want their assistance; but I hope *Hackit* will have spirit enough to look cool in his turn: Such parents don't merit that tender appellation. But I believe,

believe, sister, you and I are spoiled children, so we are not proper judges of the matter; besides, let a parent act as they will, yet there is still a duty owing to them. These old *Hackits* are punished sufficiently in their offspring, for their illiberal manner of educating them. *Fanny*, their youngest daughter, has married one of the under gardeners. I am not surprised at it: How could they expect any good would result from their tyrannical confinement of the girl? who is, I am informed, the counterpart of her Lady mother; so the fellow has the worst of the bargain, I think. I wish I could be a mouse at the Castle, just to see how pride and rage boil in Lady *Hackit's* breast at this moment: *Her* high blood contaminated by an alliance with the basest of the plebeian race. O horror! what sweet creatures her

grand-children will be ! I am resolved to stand godfather to the first which *Fanny* produces, in order to enquire of its grand-mamma how my god-child does every time we meet.

Come to town quickly, *Lucy*, or my *Jane* and I shall be one flesh without you. She bids me remind you, that you promised to be one of her bride-maids if she married first. I have had a sad fuss to get her consent to bring things to a conclusion, and at last have happily convinced her sweet Ladyship, "that procrastination" is the thief of time," and that her friend *Julia* can receive no possible alleviation of her sorrows, by *her* remaining a virgin. She allows the justness of my arguments, and has therefore consented to make me the happiest of men this day fortnight. We have taken a house in *Berkeley-square*,
where

where we shall be delighted to receive my ever dear *Lucy*—yours, not so much as *Jane's*, but much more so than my own,

Grosvenor-square.

TATTON.

P. S. My father and mother count the hours till you return. Mrs. *Boothby* and Mrs. *Merton* are gone to *Richmond* for the benefit of the air; the former was ordered to leave *London* by all her physicians; the latter grows partially fatter every time I see her. She is to accompany her friend Lady *Jane* to church on the important day.

Lady

Lady Lucy Scott to Lord Tatton.

I Am sorry, my dear *Ned*, that I cannot be at your wedding; but a slow fever has for some time confined *Lady Kelfo* to her room, and it would be inhumanity to leave her in such a situation, and impossible for her to go up to *London*, ill as she is. I must therefore content myself for the present, with wishing you and your fair partner as happy as health, beauty, good nature, love, and riches, can make you. I never thought her sprightly Ladyship would be able to give to friendship the victory over love; and indeed, as you observe, I can conceive no sort of use her living single can be of to the unfortunate *Julia*. Alas! that name is a dagger to my heart; no words can paint my sorrow

sorrow for the loss of my amiable friend; God restore her to me, for till then peace must be a stranger to my breast. My swain is too delicate a lover to propose matrimony to me whilst my mind is oppressed with a load of grief and anxiety; he is, however, indefatigable in his endeavours to console me, and tries every method he can invent to dissipate that melancholy which preys upon my spirits, for the misfortunes of my friend: But you are a thoughtless pair, Tatton, you and Jenny, and perhaps the happier for that reason. The pleasures of this life are sweeter for not being to accurately weighed and examined into; we rational beings don't enjoy life half so much as you giddy brained unthinking ones do; so go on your own way: if you can but be happy with innocence, no matter what road you take to attain it.

it. You will probably ask me how long I have been rational? I answer, ever since I became miserable, that is, ever since I lost my *Julia*. My kindest love to Lady *Jane*, yours most affectionately,

Hopton-hall.

LUCY SCOTT.

P. S. More news of the *Hackits*, pray.—O fine *Fanny*! she will make an excellent poor man's wife, with her pride and ill-nature. Bless the man! what a fool he must be to marry a fine Lady without either merit or money? for the old folks will probably never give her six-pence. Adieu, write as soon as your wedding-day is over. I am persuaded Lady *Jane* and you were formed for each other, so am certain you'll
be

be happy. Hymen, Hymenæ,
&c.

*Mrs. MERTON to the Right Hon. Lady
LUCY SCOTT.*

I Am extremely rejoiced to hear that your Ladyship is at last arrived in *London*, because I am at least a great deal nearer to you now than I have been for some months past. I long to see you, but my mother's illness confines me entirely to her chamber. The bad success which my father and husband have had in their pursuit of *Julia*, has greatly contributed to the increase of her disorder; besides, *George's* behaviour is a source of sorrow to her, which I much fear no time will ever be able to heal: she loved our fair friend with a maternal affection, and to have lost one child
by

by the villainy of another, she says, are circumstances peculiarly afflicting to a parent.

We expect our husbands in *England* almost every hour, as they write, that by a strange fatality, they can learn no more news of the sweet sufferer than if she had never put her feet on the *French* shore; *George* continuing to deny the having any knowledge of her place of abode. What a heart must he have, thus to afflict a whole family merely to save himself? We have now, I think, nothing to hope for, but that chance may put it in the dear girl's power to inform us herself of her situation, and how she can be relieved from it. My father is resolved to leave *George* in prison till he reveals where he has disposed of *Miss Bolton*.

My mother bids me tell your Ladyship, that she hopes for the pleasure of seeing

seeing you one day soon at *Richmond*; it will, she says, give her great satisfaction to converse a little with the favourite friend of her lost child. My respectful compliments (if you please) to Lord and Lady *Tatton*; accept the same, my dear Lady *Lucy*, from your ever obliged and obedient

Richmond.

LOUISA MERTON.

Lady Lucy Scott to Mrs. Merton.

My dear *Louisa*.

I Write these few lines to inform you that I shall be at *Richmond* to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock. My kind love to Mrs. *Boothby*; I wish I could gratify every desire of her heart, as easily as I can that of waiting upon her. I purpose staying two days with you (if not inconvenient). My brother and sister *Tatton* are gone to *Bath*,
to

to shew themselves, I suppose, for they are both, thank God, very well. Sir *Francis Merton* told me yesterday that he expected his son by the first packet from *Calais*. I don't know how to give you joy of his return, as he does not bring our friend along with him. Adieu, my dear Madam, I impatiently wait for to-morrow; yours most truly,

Grosvenor-square.

LUCY SCOTT.

The Right Hon. Lady LUCY SCOTT to
LADY TATTON.

MY dear *Jane* (for such I shall ever call you, while you kindly permit me so to do) I am at *Richmond* with the *Boothbys* and *Mertons*; I came here for two days, and have already stayed a week: Lord *Malcom* is continually with me, or I believe I should have

have found the time long. Mr. *Boothby* and his son-in-law are returned from *France*, the former much broke by affliction; he, however, assumes an apparent chearfulness, in order to support the almost sinking spirits of his amiable consort: The sorrows of this worthy pair pierce my heart. *Louisa* and her spouse are so rejoiced at meeting again, that I verily think pleasure has entirely (at least for a time) obliterated all their grief for the lost *Julia*. Happy couple! how they doat on each other? I have half a mind to be married directly, when I am in company either with them or you and my brother; but then my friend probably is miserable: that thought banishes all agreeable ideas from my mind, and brings it back to its wonted gloom. Mr. *Merton* tells me, that *George Boothby* is the most

steady villain he ever heard of, for he betrayed no remorse or compassion, notwithstanding his father talked to him in a stile calculated to melt the most obdurate heart, adding tears to his remonstrances and entreaties, but all in vain. *Harry Boothby* is, you may be sure, active in the search after his beloved mistress; he has his father's leave to act according to his own discretion in the affair. Heavens! how I wish that he may be fortunate enough to become her deliverer; what a joyful meeting would it prove to them both! O love, direct their steps to each others arms! Delightful thought! I will believe it prophetic. And now, my dear sister, as I have so well disposed of my friend, I will tell you and your *Edward*, that the day before I set out for this place, I waited upon Mr. *Hackit*, his Lady, and

and her mother, I found an *East-India* director with them, who they said had been an intimate friend of the late Mr. *Homes's*, and had a large share of that Gentleman's effects in his hands at the time of his death. He told me, that Mr. *Macallen* (which was, it seems, Mr. *Homes's* real name, though on going abroad he had taken that of his mother, on account of the people of *Madras*, who had from prejudices ridiculous enough objected to the having an *Irishman* for their Governor, and the *Mac* he thought would perhaps discover his country, or at least give them a suspicion which might lead into unnecessary enquiries upon the subject) had wrote to him just before he embarked for *England*, that he had placed part of his money in *France* and *Holland*, as he could contrive to get it from *India*, nearer home; and

that some of his effects were consigned to him and Mr. *Wilker*; that for his own part, he should bring over in the same bottom with himself about twenty thousand pounds in plate, jewels, money, and merchandize. “He then
 “gives me a minute account of all he
 “is worth, how and where placed,
 “left, says he, I should die on my
 “passage to *England*; adding, that
 “if it should so happen, he trusted
 “that I and his friend *Wilker* would
 “prove parents to his girls, but for-
 “gets to tell me in his letter where
 “his daughters were.” I happened
 (continued this Gentleman) unluckily to be out of town when Mr. *Macallen* arrived there; on my return I found he had left a letter for me at my house; I instantly went to wait upon him at Mr. *Wilker*’s, but to my inexpressible surprize was informed by that Gentleman, that my friend had died of an
 apoplectic

apoplectic fit two days after he came to *London*, and that it was now some time since he was buried. As soon as I could recover myself from the astonishment this piece of news had thrown me into, I asked *Wilker* if he knew where the Miss *Macallens* were? He answered, "No, not exactly, though
 " I know 'tis somewhere in *France*, I
 " believe, and they are both nuns,
 " but in what convent, or where, I
 " am totally ignorant. It was the
 " news their father received of his
 " daughter having taken the veil,
 " I apprehend, which occasioned
 " his death; for the poor man ap-
 " peared almost out of his senses
 " upon reading a letter from a friend
 " of his in *France*, who tells him,
 " that he saw *both* his daughters pro-
 " fess into (I have forgot what order).
 " He lived, good man, but a few
 " hours after having received this

“ piece of intelligence.”—But pray, Sir, said I (interrupting him), has Mr. *Macallen* left no will behind him? and what may be the amount of the money and effects which you have of his in your hands? Alas! Sir, replied *Wilker*, I was amazed, after his decease, to find neither will or papers of any sort, which could let me into the state of his affairs; “ and as to money, I “ was obliged to sell his cloaths to “ defray the expences of his funeral, “ which was a handsome one to be “ sure; and for effects, I had none of “ his in my hands at the time of his “ death, not a shilling, I assure you.” Take care, Sir, answered I, in an angry tone, how you act in this mysterious affair, I fancy it is in my power to prove part of your assertions to be false; and you may depend upon the strictest examination’s being made into your conduct with regard to the sudden

den death and precipitate burial of Mr. *Macallen*, as well as touching the effects I know you had of his in your possession. So saying, I walked out of the house. He looked, I thought, during our conversation, a good deal alarmed at my menaces, which I was resolved to have effectuated when I heard he had cut his own throat; having left all he was worth (which by his will at least appeared inconsiderable) to an old wretch, who had lived with him some years in the double capacity of house-keeper and mistress; her name is *Wilmot*, she has a brother who calls himself *Fletcher*, and whom no body knows, or by what means he contrives to live. I have indeed been told that he had connexions with some worthless woman of fortune, who supported him; but that's probably not true, as I think, Madam, (looking at Mrs. *Hackit*) you told me

that he is gone off with Mrs. *Wilker*, as she now calls herself. Here the Gentleman ceased speaking, when I asked Mrs. *Hackit* if she had any prospect of recovering part of her late father's fortune? She answered, I owe to that Gentleman's probity and generosity a large sum of money, which my father had (fortunately for me) intrusted to his care. Mr. *Worth* (for that, said she, is the Gentleman's name with whom you have been talking, Lady *Lucy*) is now perfectly convinced that I am really the daughter of his deceased friend; and has in consequence made over to Mr. *Hackit* (after having taken care of me, in case I should be so unfortunate as to lose my husband) the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which was placed by him, in my father's name, in the bank. This money, together with what we have discovered,

discovered, to have been placed in the hands of some *Dutch* merchants, will make me a considerable fortune. The finding myself thus unexpectedly rich (continued Mrs. *Hackit*) would give me very little pleasure, but from the joy I feel in presenting it to the worthiest of men, and best of husbands; he would not abandon me when he thought me a beggar, though urged to it by his unfeeling parents: I tried both his love and probity to the utmost, by concealing from him the circumstance of my having secured my jewels till his return from *Ivy Castle*. Judge then, Lady *Lucy*, said she, what must be my joy in being able thus to recompence the man I love better than myself, and to whom I owe every blessing in life. *Hackit* looked as if he had a mind to get up and kiss her, but he contented himself with thanking

ing her with a nod and a smile, which were full as expressive of his sentiments as if he had spoke. I now asked Mrs. *Hackit* how her sister did? She replied with a sigh, " she was pretty well " when I last heard from her, Madam, " but alas! why does she not share " my fortune with me? that thought " will ever pain my heart. I have, " however, forced her to accept of a " pension, which if she cannot con- " trive to spend, she may give away " to the poor. My mother too threat- " ens to leave me, and to retire into " the convent with my sister; so you " see, Lady *Lucy*, that there is no " permanent felicity in this world." I now in a low voice enquired of Mr. *Hackit* what was become of his sister *Fanny*? He told me he had wrote to her, and inclosed a bank bill of two hundred pounds, lest she should be
drove

drove to any real distress before something could be done for her. I said, "that was nobly done of you, Mr. Hackit, it was acting like a brother and a Christian." Ah! Madam, he replied, what do I not owe to my *Jenny*! 'tis she who has weeded my heart of its worst vices, and in their room has transplanted some of her own virtues. "I hope in time, Lady *Lucy*, to render myself worthy the possession of such an angel."

Your Ladyship will shortly see this happy couple at *Bath*, to which place they are going upon Mrs. *Macallen's* account, who seems to me to be in a decline. I long to know her history, why she left her husband at *Madras*, how she came to know that her daughter was in *England*, why she never enquired after her children for such a series of years, though she knew where

they were, and what she has been doing ever since she left the *Indies*? You, my dear, may perhaps learn all these circumstances from the *Hackits*; if so, pray write me every particular. The woman is worth money, I should suppose, if one may judge from her appearance; which, as to dress, is rather splendid. Adieu, my dear friend and beloved sister, kiss my brother for me, and believe me ever yours affectionately,

Richmond.

LUCY SCOTT.

P. S. I had forgot to tell you that Mrs. *Lewis* is brought to bed of a boy, both well. She has, I hear, been very kind to her imprudent sister. Your friend Mrs. *Merton* is a trundling figure too, she sends her love. I leave this place to-morrow—Adieu.

Mrs.

Mrs. MERTON to Lady Lucy Scott.

IT is long since I wrote to you, dear *Lucy*; for what could I say to amuse, whilst I had no news to give you of our long lost friend? I returned from *Hampshire* last *Tuesday*, where I have been with Sir *Francis* and Lady *Merton*, at their seat for a few weeks; when yesterday's mail brought us a letter from our dear *Julia*. We all knew the hand, but joy at the sight of it had seized our faculties to such a degree, that no body was able to break the seal and read it but my husband. It contained but a few lines; she tells us that she is perfectly well, and supremely happy in the company of her deliverer, but does not inform us who he is; only says, that her next will contain certain preliminaries,
which

which, when signed by her guardians, she will instantly fly into their arms, with her knight errant in her hand. In the mean time she begs they would be perfectly easy on her account, assuring them that she has, and ever shall, strictly adhere to those rules of prudence and discretion, which their example, as well as precepts, had so firmly imprinted on her mind. “ I am, says she, at present in the house of a Lady, whose virtue, piety, and benevolence, render her an honour to her sex; she is my friend and protectress.” She then requests my father’s permission to draw on him for five hundred pounds; but what surprises us all is, that she has not mentioned your Ladyship; from whence we conjecture, that she must have wrote to you herself; if so, be so kind as to inform us of it, and you will infinitely oblige

oblige all this family, and in particular, your Ladyship's ever obliged friend and obedient servant,

Richmond.

LOUISA MERTON.

Miss BOLTON to Lady LUCY SCOTT.

I Know not, my dearest friend, whether you still bear the name of *Scott* or no; yet something tells me that you would not marry while you were ignorant of the fate of your *Julia*: if I judge right, now instantly I charge you, give your hand to Lord *Malcom*; tell him, I order him to take you, 'tis all the reparation I can make for having so long deprived him of happiness. Seriously, my dear *Lucy*, I shall be afflicted if, on my arrival in *England*, I should find you still single. I am myself, at this period of time, happy beyond the power of description;

on; they never knew real joy, who have not experienced its opponent *pain*; every pleasure is heightened by being contrasted. How delightful is liberty to the wretch who is just relieved from imprisonment! whereas those who never were confined, enjoy this first of blessings without ever being sensible of its value—a truce with reflections—for you die (I suppose) to know how I was decoyed out of *Carlisle* house. Know then, that a few minutes after your brother had left me, as you know (for he must have told you) to fetch me a glass of negus, he returned, as I thought, saying, my dear Miss *Bolton*, there is such a croud that I cannot get to the side board, and I verily believe there is no negus left; but as I came back into the room I met *Merton* and Sir *Francis* leading *Louisa* into the air; she looked pale and

and faint, I thought ; Lady *Ludlow* said, the heat, together with standing so long, had overcome her, and begged I would tell you they were gone home ; adding, “ Do you, my Lord, “ put Miss *Bolton* into a chair, and “ yourself into another, and see her “ safe to Mr. *Boothby*’s, for our chairs “ are not ordered till near three o’clock, “ so we have no servants here.” Come then, said he, “ give me your hand, “ and I will take care of you, we “ shall be at home almost as soon as “ they if you make haste, and we will “ go out the back way, if you please, “ to avoid the croud.” Sorry to hear that my friend was ill, and anxious to rejoin her, I gave him my hand ; he led me through many rooms of that immense house, when going out of a little door, he popped me into the first hackney chair he found there, bidding

the men follow him, for he would walk before them. I drew the curtains of the chair to avoid being stared at, which must have been the consequence of his preceding me thus in a masquerade habit. I did not think the way long, but judge of my surprise on being set down, to find myself not in *South Audley-street*, but on the *Surry* side of *Westminster* bridge! and at the same time, on looking for Lord *Tatten*, I saw a man by the chair, not dressed in masquerade, but in his own cloaths; I stared him in the face (for it was very moon-light), and instantly knew the features of *George Boothby*! I shrieked with terror at the sight, when he, gently taking me out of the chair, with the aid of one of the men, attempted to put me into a hackney coach, stopping my mouth at the same time with his handkerchief;

kerchief ; I struggled and kicked with all my might, to prevent their forcing me into the coach, but to no purpose, for in they put me ; he seated himself by my side, still keeping his handkerchief to my mouth with one hand, and holding my hands with the other. In a short time I was again taken out of this vehicle, and put into a post-chaise. I now saw my ruin certain (I thought) and fainted away. How long I remained in this state of insensibility I know not, but when I came to myself I found we were driving on as fast as four horses could carry us. I now determined to speak calmly to the wretch, in order, if possible, to penetrate his schemes of whither we were going, and what he proposed by thus running away with me. I therefore said, with a tremulous voice, Pray, Mr. *Boothby*, how came you to meet me in the street,

and where is Lord *Tatton*? My dearest *Julia*, replied the bear, it was I that handed you out of the ball room, not Lord *Tatton*; I had watched an opportunity all the evening of his quitting you for a moment, that I, being dressed for that purpose exactly like *him*, might by an innocent stratagem secure to my arms the goddess of my idolatry: I have succeeded, love was my guide, and he seldom denies his aid to any of his votaries, especially when they are so totally his slaves as I am. But, said I, to what purpose this violence, *George*? you know. I never will be yours, nay, cannot, since I am engaged to your brother. We are both the same flesh and blood, my angel, he replied, and when you are in my arms you may take me for my brother, if you please, the difference is only in our names. Here the brute attempted

attempted to kiss me, nay, did kiss me violently. I again fainted away with terror and indignation. What contributed considerably towards making me ill was, that as soon as day broke, he drew up all the blinds of the chaise, so that I had no air; and when ever we stopped to change horses (if I was sensible) he always applied his handkerchief to my mouth, to prevent my speaking. Thus worn out by fatigue and vexation, I soon became insensible to every thing but my grief; when, at last I found *George* lifting, or rather pulling me out of the chaise; I was too weak to stand, or even to speak. I had been up all night, had eat nothing all day, and my spirits, as well as body, had for many hours together undergone the most violent agitation. He carried me into a room in an inn; a well looking

woman brought me some sal volatile and water, begging me to swallow it : I pushed it away with my hand, and sunk senseless on the floor. Mr. *Boothby*, on his knees, entreated me to eat something, or to drink a glass of wine ; but I refused every thing, stammering out, that death was in my power, his tyranny could not deprive me of that last resource to the wretched. He then begged I would go to bed ; I could not answer, my strength was totally exhausted ; the woman undressed me ; I was too weak to resist, though I perceived *George* to be in a corner of the room, with his back to me. I took a small penknife out of my pocket, which I kept in my hand, and carried to bed with me, resolutely determining to use it either against him or myself, in case he should be villain enough to take advantage of my

my weakness, and attempt to dishonour me. I made signs for the woman to sit down by my bed side; he observed it, and said, she shall not leave you all night, *Julia*, if you will promise to compose your spirits, and go to sleep. I made no answer; he took his seat at the foot of the bed, and I with a large pin fastened the woman's gown to my shift sleeve, lest sleep should surprize me and she go away. Fruitless precaution! for I never shut my eyes. Many people, during the course of the night, seemed to come in and out of the room, and I heard *George* talk to them in a kind of a whisper. One fellow appeared to be his servant, for he said to him, *Tom*, have you brought the bundle? To which he replied in the affirmative. About six in the morning *George* came to my bed side, saying, you must get

up, my angel. The landlady immediately attempted to raise me, but I resisted, declaring that I would die where I was. He then told me, that if I would not let the woman dress me *he* would, and began to touch me; upon which I submitted to the having my cloaths put on by the woman. She untied a bundle, in which there was a new Brunswick, with linen, &c. proper for me to wear on a journey. This was a necessary precaution of the man's, for I had nothing with me but my masquerade dress; which, however, he had contrived to hide as much as possible on the road, by covering me almost all over with pocket handkerchiefs. I had happily no jewels on, thinking it ridiculous to wear them in such a croud as there was likely to be that night at *Sobo*. I now attempted several times to speak to the woman,

but

but soon found that she believed me to be *George's* wife, who had run away with another man; and he having caught me, was now carrying me abroad to place me in a convent against my will; for she frequently said, "she hoped time would bring me to a right sense of my duty, and that some men would have killed their wives on such a provocation, instead of behaving with the tenderness the Gentleman did to me." I had not spirits to dispute the point with her, as I was almost annihilated with grief and want of food. Two men, as soon as I was dressed, seated me in a sedan chair, in which they carried me to the water side, and put me into a kind of boat. Here I sunk on my knees before my tyrant, and joining my hands with my eyes, implored his pity: I could not speak. He raised me,

me, took me in his arms, laid my head on his breast, all which I was unable to resist: I was but just alive enough to perceive what passed, without a capacity either of articulating or moving. The vessel now began to sail, and I to grow as sick as death. We were in a kind of cabbin, very small, close, and stinking. *Boothby* held me with the most unwearied attention. I really thought I must have died, *Lucy*, the reaching was so excessive, I having nothing in my stomach. Whilst I was in this deplorable condition, the master (I supposed) of the vessel approached me, saying, “now your stomach is quiet, young Lady, take my advice, and eat a bit of this *French* roll, and then drink a glass of wine.” Here he put a piece of bread into my hand; will you believe me, my dear? I snatched it eagerly from

from the man, and devoured it in a moment. He took no notice, but instantly gave me another bit, and then I drank a glass of wine which he offered me: this was all done from the mere impulse of nature. *Boothby* did not desire me to take the bread, or I verily believe I should have refused it. I did not know I was hungry till I saw the roll. In short, I soon after this refreshment fell asleep on the villain's breast, and I fancy slept some time, for I found myself vastly better when I awaked. With returning strength my sorrows increased; I now wept bitterly, telling *George* that he was mad in taking so rash a step; for even if I consented to marry him, we must both starve till I was five-and-twenty, as well as be banished our native country; since, if we ventured to return thither, he would be flung into prison

prison for running away with an heiress. Never fear, my dear, he replied, my father will, for *your* sake, if not for *mine*, keep us from want. Your father, I answered, has no power in the affair, since I am become a ward in Chancery. He started, and looked aghast; but recovering himself, said, the scheme is a good one, but it won't take with me, *Julia*. I replied faintly, it is, however, very true, Mr. *Boothby*, and you will find it so to your sorrow. Here we came to land in some part of *France*; I asked the name of the place, but found the sailors had learnt their lessons, so was answered by them all, they did not know. And now, my dear *Lucy*, I must break the thread of my narration till the next post, being tired to death with writing so much. Adieu, my dear friend; direct to me *Chez Madame des Touches à Rennes en Bretagne*, but be sure not

to communicate my address to any one living: the rest of this letter you may shew the *Boothbys*, &c.

Yours most affectionately,

Rennes.

JULIA BOLTON.

P. S. Be sure to write soon, and sign yourself *Malcom*, or I won't forgive you.

Lady LUCY SCOTT to Miss BOLTON.

JULIA! my sweet friend, do I once again address you! How my heart bounds with joy on the knowledge that you are well and happy: No, I will not injure my feelings on your loss, by mangling them in a poor description of what no language is capable of expressing, nor can be conceived, but by those who have experienced a parallel misfortune. But thank God, my friend is safe, and my heart's at ease: I will therefore obey
your

your commands, my dear, and give my hand to the man I love in a few days, as settlements were drawn, and cloaths bought, &c. Before your cruel adventure happened, which (as you rightly imagined) put a stop to all my schemes of happiness with my *Malcom*; since I well knew, that no situation in life could be pleasing, whilst I was doubtful of your fate. Lord *Malcom* was present yesterday when I received your letter: joy sparkled in his eyes at the news of my friend's safety; when he modestly observed, that all obstacles to our union were now removed; I could not say they were not, and so he persuaded me to name *Thursday* next, for what he calls the happy day. O! may it prove so to us both! On my having fixed the time he flew to communicate his joy to Lord and Lady *Kelfo*, who instantly came

came into my room to thank me for the felicity I had conferred upon the whole family : Good creatures ! how delightfully they looked at their son and me. I assured them that the obligation (if it was one) could only be due to you. Lord *Malcom's* gratitude for the warmth with which you espouse his cause, knows no bounds ; he is indeed most truly the friend of you and your amiable *Henry*. I have, my dear, ever since I returned from *Hopton-hall*, divided my time equally between my father's house and Lord *Kelfo's* ; but on our marriage we shall immediately go to our own house in *Arlington-street*, which has long been in readiness to receive us. Well then, *Julia*, I shall at last be married in my own way, you know how that is ; as soon as the ceremony is performed at *St. George's church* (for I would not have

have a special licence), you know, my dear, I never piqued myself upon prerogative, ever believing that what was law for a peasant should be equally so for a dutchess. *Mrs. Merton* is to be at my wedding, she will tell you how I behave. *Tatten* and his *Jane* are still at *Bath*; they are as happy as possible in each other, but have been truly miserable about you. Alas! what have you not suffered, my amiable friend? my heart has bled at several passages in that part of your affecting story which you have so kindly sent me. Continue it, my dear creature, I die to know how you obtained your liberty: Your deliverer (my heart tells me) was your *Henry*; I foresaw he would be so: I cannot name his brother; let us then forget past griefs, and hasten to *England*, my dear,

dear friends who eagerly long to embrace you. Have you none of the curiosity, *Julia*, so common in all ranks of people, who, though they have perhaps past their lives with you, yet as soon as ever you become a bride stare one out of countenance, as if they supposed matrimony to have altered every feature in one's face? This is a whim which I could never account for. I sent a copy of your letter, with a proper reserve, to *Richmond*, where the *Boothbys* now are. Their sufferings on your account have been beyond all description. Mrs. *Merton* is well and happy, now she knows you are so; she is very near her time. *Susan* is with me; the girl is perfectly restored to health and reason again. I have a million of things to tell you, do come and hear them. Adieu, my

dear friend, I am, for the last time,
yours,

Grosvenor-square.

LUCY SCOTT.

P. S. I here inclose a letter from
your guardian, he sent it this
morning, by which you see he
believes that I know your ad-
dress, though he does not. My
best compliments to your knight.

Miss BOLTON to the Right Hon. Lady
LUCY SCOTT.

I Have not yet heard from my ever
dear *Lucy*; but when I do, I hope
to see *L. Malcom* at the bottom of the
letter. I have much to say to you,
but I know you will be impatient for
the sequel of my adventures; I will
therefore continue them, though I have
a thousand other things to talk of.

We

We did not stay long at the dirty inn which we first entered on our landing, nor should we (I imagine) have been there any longer than till our baggage was on shore, had I not been so very ill that there was no possibility of moving me. *Boothby*, on his knees, entreated me to eat something, promising by all things sacred, that he would use no violence to make me his, if I would take some nourishment. This assurance (though no security from so bad a man) revived me a little, and upon the strength of it, I condescended to eat a bit of toast, and drink some tea. *George* never left me, but behaved with the utmost respect; he really feared I should die, and that would have defeated all his schemes. He now proposed (on perceiving that I was a little refreshed) our removing to a better inn; we did so:

I was conveyed thither in a thing they called a sedan chair, though it was more like a centinel-box. Here we stayed three or four days, during which time he appeared to be much agitated and thoughtful; he kept me in his sight all day, and locked me in my room all night. I now again ventured to ask him what were his designs; urging the absurdity of his proceedings. He told me, that he hoped time and his unwearied assiduities, would at last prevail on me voluntarily to give him my hand: And in the mean while, continued he, we must stay no longer in this town, there are too many *English* in it, and we may be discovered. We therefore set out the next day for *Rouen*, though I was little able to travel. Whilst he was discharging the bill at the bar, I drew a fountain pen out of my pocket, and wrote a few lines

lines to my guardian, not knowing if ever I should be able to get them conveyed to him. Remark, *Lucy*, that though I say we were setting out for *Rouen*, yet at that time I was ignorant of where I was, or whither I was going; this intelligence I gained afterwards. On our arrival there, we were set down at a very good inn (for a *French* one), Mr. *Boothby* asked for the news-papers, when the landlord said, "if you please, Sir, I believe I
 " can get you a sight of the *English*
 " papers, for a Gentleman of my acquaintance has them from *England*
 " twice or thrice a week." *George* expressed his desire of seeing them, and the fellow in a short time brought in a handful of news-papers, which he laid upon the table. I was too much absorbed in grief to be able to read, so sat crying in a great chair,

when I was roused by an exclamation from *George* of, My God! is it possible? I looked at him, as much as to say, What is the matter? It is then but too true, said he, you are indeed a ward in Chancery; here is a reward offered in this paper for apprehending your ravisher, both from the King and my father; my life's in danger. Ah! *Julia!* why did I not believe you when you first told me so? I am undone, lost for ever; we shall be discovered, and I shall be hanged! I thought to myself, "with all my heart." He now got off his seat, and stamped about the room like a madman; when coming up to me with a furious countenance, but I tell you what, Madam, said he, if you betray me, I will not suffer alone, for the instant any one attempts to seize me I'll plunge this knife (shewing me one) into your bosom.

som. *Harry* shall never enjoy your
 fortune and my estate too. I was too
 miserable to fear death, so only an-
 swered, without any kind of emotion,
 you may do as you please, Sir, since
 you cannot make me more wretched
 than I am at present : “ but I own to
 “ you, that cruelly as you have treat-
 “ ed me, yet I never will intentionally
 “ bring a son of my worthy guardi-
 “ an’s to an ignominious death.” If
 what you say is true, Madam, he re-
 plied, let us fly from this house, where
 we cannot long be concealed, since our
 persons are too well described in these
 d—n’d papers for us to pass unno-
 ticed ; besides, the reward is consider-
 able enough to corrupt the integrity of
 a saint. Come then, said he—but
 stay—my God ! how my head swims ?
 I must pay the bill first. Here he
 rung the bell ; “ *Thomas*, this Lady,

“ and I, will walk out; while we are
 “ absent do you discharge the house,
 “ and hark you,” whispering him.
 Then taking me by the arm, he led me
 almost quite round the outside of the
 town, till I was almost fainting with
 fatigue; never speaking one word till
 we came to a little hedge alehouse,
 which was a small distance out of the
 town; there he bid me rest myself,
 shewing me into the hovel, at the same
 time telling an old deaf woman (the
 only living thing I saw in the house),
 that I was tired with walking, and
 begged leave to repose myself for an
 hour, till he returned to fetch me.
 So saying, he bid me stay where I was,
 and hold my tongue as I valued my
 life, and away he went. Needless in-
 junctions! because I could hardly stand,
 much less run away; and had I bawled
 my heart out, I could never have
 made

made the old woman hear one word I said. In about two hours he returned, accompanied by his man *Thomas*, who had a large bundle under his arm. Observe, that I had been shut up by the old woman, upon *George's* leaving me, in a place she called a room, and had never seen her from that time till his return: indeed she could not fear I should rob her, since she literally had nothing to lose. Mr. *Boothby* now took the bundle from his servant, when flinging it on the floor, there, Madam, said he, there is choice of cloaths, fit yourself as well as you can, and as quick as possible. I undid the bundle, and found it contained nothing but men's apparel; at which, expressing my surprize, *George* said, you have told me, Miss *Bolton*, that you do not wish my death, and therefore you will not (I presume) object

ject to the only means of preserving my life, which is, to disguise your sex by wearing boys cloaths. I cried, saying, alas! *George*, to what have you reduced me! how did I ever injure you, that you should thus distress me? We have now no time for tears, replied he, in a surly tone, but come, make haste. He then walked out of the room, bidding me dress myself. O *Lucy*! I can now laugh at it, but it cost me tears enough at the time; could you have seen the difficulties I met with on putting on an essential part of my dress, I believe you must have smiled, notwithstanding the horror of my situation. I tried two pair on, which proved too little; the third with much difficulty I buttoned. My coat and waistcoat were easily put on, but the shoes absolutely crippled me, they were so hard to my feet. I now
took

took off my cap, and letting my hair fall down behind, I tied it as well as I could, with a piece of black ribband. I had just finished my toilet, when *George Boothby* entered the room; he started, crying out, "You are an "*Adonis, Julia,*" and was going to kiss me: I pushed him from me, saying, "Do you repay my humanity "with insolence?" He turned from me in anger. However, taking me soon after by the arm; 'tis dusk, said he, and now we will go and take some refreshment in the town. I must not omit telling you, that *George* had metamorphosed *himself*, as well as *me*; for he now appeared like a sailor, he wore a jacket, trowzers, a black bob wig, and a round brimmed hat; in which dress he was so excessively altered, that I really hardly knew him myself. We passed the port, when
 stopping

stopping to listen to a conversation,
 which was pretty loud, between two
Englishmen, I took the opportunity of
 slipping my little note to my guardian,
 with a guinea, into the hand of a good-
 natured looking tar, who was staring
 at me; at the same time I put my fin-
 ger on my mouth, as much as to say,
 mum: He took the hint, and imme-
 diately walked off whistling. We now
 entered an inn, where, while the peo-
 ple were getting supper ready, *Booth-*
by said to me, "Those two men I was
 " listening to on the port, *Julia*, were
 " telling each other, that orders had
 " been sent from *Versailles*, to stop
 " two people, whose persons they de-
 " scribed, wherever they should be
 " found in his Majesty's dominions;
 " the reward *one* thousand pounds to
 " whoever should give any informa-
 " tion of where they were, and *two*
 " to

“ to those who should secure them.
 “ They were likewise enjoined to shew
 “ all possible respect to the Lady, and
 “ to throw her ravisher into a dun-
 “ geon, as she was a very rich heiress
 “ that the villain had stole from her
 “ friends.” I could hardly help smil-
 ing at this recital’s coming from his
 own mouth, but I durst not. Now,
 Madam, said he, you see my life is
 the forfeit if you are found with me ;
 I shall therefore convey you to a place
 of safety till I can make peace with
 my friends, which I will endeavour to
 do with all the expedition possible.
 “ Consent therefore, my charming
 “ girl, to let me fix you in a convent,
 “ from whence I will most certainly
 “ release you, as soon as I can do it
 “ with safety to myself ; and in the
 “ mean time, you shall constantly
 “ hear from me.” I gladly accepted
 of

of this proposal, as I thought I should be much more eligibly situated among virtuous women, than in being as I was in the power of a bad man, who was trailing me about the world like a vagabond, in a character very unbecoming the delicacy of my sex. I therefore got into a post-chaise with my tormentor, in a better humour than I had been for some time: We travelled night and day till we came to a pretty town called *Rennes*; there we went to a very tolerable inn; *George* kept his eye upon me all the day, and locked me into my room at night, at the door of which he always bid me a good night, without ever attempting to follow me into it. I slept better this night than I had ever done since I left *South Audley-street*; flattering myself, that I should be able to soften the nuns either by bribery or caresses,

to suffer me to write to my friends in *England*. Early in the morning *Boothby* waked me, by unlocking my door, calling, "*Charles*, get up!" This was the name he had given me, telling every body that I was his brother. I now requested a clean shirt, &c. which were given me. I found, upon undressing myself the night before, that I had, in the hurry of changing my sex, forgot to pull off my shift, which I now bundled up with the rest of my female attire, and gave to *Thomas*. The fellow I thought (whilst I was making up the packet) eyed me with a look of tender compassion: I wished to have spoke to him, but durst not, as *George* was in a corner of the room. After breakfast *Mr. Boothby* proposed our going out of town a few miles, by way of a ride. I had no will but his, because I knew it was to
no

no purpose, so away we went. When coming to a village, he called to the post-boy to stop; then handing me into a house, which had a sign at the door; he bid the postilion drink and bait his horses whilst he went a little way; when turning to me, now, *Julia*, said he, I am going to a convent, which is only a small distance from hence, in order to settle every thing necessary for your admittance into it; do you stay here in the mean while: So saying, he locked me in the room, and went away. He staid two hours, I believe; and on his return, ordered *Thomas* to bring in the bundle: Now, said he, Madam, quit those cloaths, and put on your own. I did so, as quick as possible, heartily glad to get into petticoats again. As soon as I was dressed, he flung a large cloak of his own over my shoulders, which almost

most covered me all over, and then hurried me into the chaise, drawing up the blinds that no body might remark my metamorphose. We soon arrived at the convent, into which I was readily admitted. When I had got into the interior of the house, *George* requested that I would go into the parlour, and give him leave to speak to me: I consented, though heartily tired of his company, because I did not know how essential; what he had to say might be to my present and future peace, as I was entirely in his power. He now seated himself on the other side of the grate which divided us, and thus began: “ I am, through a fatal

“ error, *Miss Bolton*, drove to the

“ necessity of secreting your person in

“ such a manner, that no living crea-

“ ture may come to the knowledge of

“ what is become of you, till you at-

“tain the age which puts you in pos-
 “session of your fortune; at which
 “period, I promise, by every thing
 “the most sacred, to restore you to
 “liberty, on condition that you give
 “me your hand at the altar; which
 “terms (should you be so indiscreet
 “as to refuse) I, in the same solemn
 “manner, swear never to reveal to
 “your friends the place of your con-
 “finement, in which case you will
 “probably live and die where you
 “now are.” I burst into tears on
 hearing this dreadful sentence pro-
 nounced against me, implored his pi-
 ty, upbraided him with his cruelty,
 threatened revenge; in short, tried
 every means either to soften or fright-
 en him, but both ineffectually. He
 answered, that the orders he had giv-
 en to the nuns were so positive, that
 all my actions should be watched, and
 I not

I not be suffered to make use of pen or paper; that he had nothing to *fear* from my resentment; desiring me to remark at the same time, that I had every thing to *hope* from his love, if I would shew myself deserving of it. Here he rose, and precipitately left the room. I now looked upon myself to be a prisoner for life: I wept, I tore my hair; in short, I was frantic with rage and despair, when two old nuns, seizing me by the arms, conveyed me into a bed-chamber, where they began to reason with me, but to no purpose. I raved myself tired, inveighing bitterly against the severity of my fate, and the barbarity of my persecutor. At last, I exhausted myself so far, as to fall quite senseless upon the bed. One of the lay sisters sat up with me all night; she spoke to me frequently, but I heard not what

she said. She has since told me, that towards morning I had three convulsion fits, which alarmed them all greatly. A physician was sent for, who declared I was dying with grief and want of nourishment. He then ordered the nuns to force some strong broth down my throat, in case I should refuse to drink it, but wished them rather to soothe my sorrows, and to persuade me to take food, than to use violence. All arts and entreaties were accordingly made use of in order to engage me to eat, but to no purpose; I obstinately refused all sustenance, being resolved in my own mind to die of hunger. They then forced my mouth open, in order to make me swallow; and by so doing, put me to such excruciating pain, that rather than suffer a repetition of it, I promised to drink some broth; I did so, and found myself

myself much revived by it, to my no small mortification. ('Tis not so easy a matter to die when one pleases, as I had supposed it to be, *Lucy*.) A venerable nun now taking my hand, with a sanctified air, and a voice tuned to piety, said, "Take courage, my child, "such is the cruel manner in which "the evil spirit torments his votaries." I stared at her, not comprehending what she meant; when going on, "thank God, the wicked *one* dare not "enter these holy walls, so that, my "dear child, you will (I trust in the "blessed Virgin) be soon brought "back to the paths of virtue, and "all her paths are peace." Madam, I replied, am I then so great a sinner? I confess I am not conscious of being so. Not conscious of it! answered she, why, sure you can never pretend that adultery is no crime, when it is forbid

by God himself in his holy commandments? I don't understand you, said I; it is then possible to commit adultery without ever having been married, I suppose, otherwise I cannot be in the predicament. Come, come, replied the old nun, I won't be accessory to the damning of your precious soul, by talking to you any longer, as I find the truth is not in you; so saying, she left me. I now saw that *George Boothby* had placed me in the convent as being his wife, which answered three very essential purposes; first, that they could not make a nun of me, as being a married woman; next, that they would not dare to deliver me up into any other hands than my supposed husband's; and thirdly, that they could have no pretence to refuse my going with *him*, whenever he demanded me. I can write no more

at present, my dear, the packet will be too large for the post. I have wrote by this mail to my guardian; *his* answer will determine my return to *England*, or my stay here. I am anxious to know my fate, as I really am distracted with impatience to see you all again; especially *you*, the partner of my heart: I expect a letter from you to-morrow. Adieu, God bless you and your *Malcom*, prays your truly affectionate

Rennes,

JULIA BOLTON.

From the same to the same.

THE winds, my dear *Lucy*, have been contrary for this week past, so that all the mails are on our side; you will therefore probably receive this with that I wrote some days ago, and sent with one for Mr. *Boothby*. I

K 4

have

have nothing new to say, so shall go on with my tedious history.

I continued to keep my bed for some time; the little prospect I saw of ever getting out of this prison, unless upon conditions, which to me were worse than the evil, contributed greatly to the impeding my recovery, or rather was the cause of my disease. However, at last my youth, together with a ray of hope, which sometimes, though faintly, dawned upon my imagination, restored me, if not to health, at least to the power of quitting my room, and walking about the house. I now began to endeavour, by the most mild and obliging behaviour, to gain the friendship of all my female companions; hoping, that among the number, I might be able to find one who would be good natured enough to get me a letter conveyed to the post;

post ; but I resolved to be certain of not meeting with a refusal before I asked the favour. The thought of you, my *Lucy*, was the most painful to me ; I felt the want of such a friend so forcibly, that every moment in which your idea presented itself to my mind, I burst out into a flood of tears : I do assure you, my dear, that the idea of my beloved *Harry* affected me less. One day, when I happened to be in the room where the boarders work and play, I saw a young Lady with a letter in her hand ; I said carelessly, “ How do you get letters conveyed to the post here, you give them to the *touriere*, I suppose ? ” No, Madam, replied the girl, we carry them always to the abbess, and she disposes of them as she pleases. If, after having perused them, they meet with her approbation, she sends them

as

as directed, if not, she throws them into the fire. This was a dreadful piece of information for me; I affected, however, hardly to give any attention to it, and talked of something else, though my heart was bursting with grief to find all avenues for my deliverance thus shut against me.

There is a day in the year on which the pensioners in a convent are permitted to wear the nuns habit, and even to exercise their several employments, such as porter, tourriere, sexton, &c. And in order not to create jealousies among the girls, they chuse out the oldest of them, who draw lots for these high offices. This day of festivity, I was informed, was not far off; I interested myself very little in the joy, all my companions seemed to express on this occasion. I had from the first entrance into the convent,
been

been watched in so assiduous a manner, as never to be one moment in the day out of the company of one or other of the nuns, and in the evening about seven o'clock, when they all went to bed, I was by one of them constantly locked into my room, where, if I did not chuse to go to bed, I was left to amuse myself as I thought proper in the dark ; for they would not trust me with a light, lest my despair (they said) might urge me to fire the house. This circumstance made me pass most nights in my cloaths. The being deprived of a candle will doubtless appear a thing of little importance to you, my dear ; but it was a matter of real affliction to me. You can have no notion of the dead silence which reigns in a convent, after the family are gone to bed ; it is as if all nature was annihilated except yourself ; and to be
found

found only in religious houses, whose high and thick walls, together with the distance at which they are commonly built from either town or village, contribute greatly to the dreadful silence which I would here fain describe, but find it impossible: neither human creature, beast, or fowl, are near enough to be heard; for which reason the stillness is so sensible, that the very fetching of one's own breath appears loud enough to startle one. This circumstance was not (you may imagine) calculated to enliven my ideas: I often wept myself almost blind during the night, but affected an air of cheerfulness and ease during the day. I objected to nothing they imposed upon me, nor expressed the least dislike to any body or any thing in the house. By this conduct I perceived I became to be less narrowly watched; and

and though I had no fixed scheme in my head of any kind, yet I was pleased at finding myself more at liberty. I now grew into favour with the lady abbess and all her nuns, the pensioners too strove who should make themselves most agreeable to me. I forgot to tell you, *Lucy*, that when I put on my own cloaths (at the place where we stopped before *George* carried me to the nunnery), my pockets were a part of my dress, which on feeling in, I found a purse with forty *louis d'ors* in it, which had been put there by *Boothby*, I suppose. This was a treasure, and I made use of it with discretion, not knowing when I might have more, as I had not yet heard a word from my tormentor. I made, however, small presents to the nuns, and gave little treats to the borders, by which means I insinuated myself
into

into their favour sooner than I should have done by any merit they might have perceived, either in my character or conduct; I even carried my hypocrisy so far, as to lament to the nuns that it was not in my power to become one of their society; adding, that if it was, I would instantly renounce the world, and spend the rest of my days among them. This piece of flattery is irresistible with all recluses; they embraced me by turns, and lifting up their eyes, said, “Who knows but it
 “ may please God to take your husband to himself, and then we shall
 “ be the happiest creatures on earth,
 “ in the acquisition of so amiable a
 “ sister.” These little arts, which I hope were innocent, as they injured no body, and procured me more ease in my wretched situation, succeeded so well, that I was not only no longer
 watched,

watched, but great confidence was placed in me. I had now a candle in my room, my door was never locked, and all possible liberty was given me within the circle of the convent walls; so that I began seriously to think of some means to escape from this prison, and imagined, that if I could get permission to go to the parlours sometimes, I might perhaps find an opportunity of getting a letter conveyed to *England* for me. For this purpose I wrote a long one to you, my dear, which I constantly kept in my pocket, that it might be ready if an occasion offered of sending it. I succeeded so far in my plan as to get leave to accompany any of the young Ladies to the grate, when their friends asked for them there; but on these occasions I saw nothing but *French* people, relations of the girls whom I accompanied

panied thither, and who all of them looked, I thought, more likely to betray than assist me. Thus your letter wore itself out in my pocket; and now the grand day arrived, on which we were all to be nuns for twelve hours: Accordingly, being dressed in old gowns and veils of the religious, we were summoned into the church to draw lots for the places we were to fill. It was my chance to be sacristaine (or sexton), by which means I became mistress for that day of the church, and had the power even of going into the outer one which opened into the country. There are two or three rooms appropriated for the use of the priest, who is the confessor and sayer of mass to the convent, in which he dresses and undresses: Here too are deposited all the riches of the altar, as well as the priest's costly robes

robes. You know, or have heard, my dear, that the churches of nunneries are divided by an iron grate, one part of which belongs to the nuns, and is in the interior of the house, and the other part is open to any body who chuses to hear mass in it. A curtain is generally drawn over the grate on the nuns side, to prevent their being seen. As I was trotting about in my new employment, it came into my head that I would go into the outer church, to look at a fine picture of *St. Sabastian*, which was over the altar, and which had often called my attention, as being (I thought) an exact representation of myself, as he is always drawn pierced all over his body with darts. I did so unobserved, tho' I should not have cared who had seen me, as it was my right to have free egress and regress for that day in my

own districts : I peeped, however, to see if any body was there before I ventured in, and perceiving no one, I approached the altar ; but heaven and earth ! how shall I give you the smallest idea of my surprize ! when, on turning my head at the sound of footsteps, I saw my *Harry*, my dear *Harry Boothby*, just entering the church door. I screamed, and fell insensible to the ground. How long I continued so I know not ; but on coming to myself, I found *Harry* supporting me on one side, and two or three of the pensioners on the other, the nuns not daring to approach, as there was a man with us : For observe, that though the sacristaine has the power of going into the outer church at pleasure, in order to decorate the altar, dress the lamp, &c. yet she always sends a pensioner before, in order to fasten the door which

which goes into the world, as they call it. This precaution I had omitted, or rather did not think necessary. I now raised my eyes on my *Harry*, saying in *English*, " You see where I am, " it will be impossible for me to go " off with you now ; procure authority to take me from hence, and I " will follow you to the end of the " world, nor shall Fate herself ever " divide us more." He answered something inarticulately, when I desired to be carried into the convent, which was instantly done. My prudence on this occasion will probably surprize you, *Lucy* ; but I had thought more during the time I spent in this retreat, than I had ever done in all the prior part of my life ; I was sure (by what I had heard from *George's* own mouth) that to be found out by any of my friends, was to be free ; since such

positive orders had been given to all the *Intendants*, &c. of the provinces in *France*, to deliver me to my friends wherever I should be met with ; and to have attempted going away *then* with *Harry* would have been impossible, as the nuns were all assembled at the vestry door, and would most certainly have torn me from him, as he was alone : Besides, the five or six girls who held me, would never have suffered him to have carried me off : my dress too was an impediment to my flight, as I should have been stopped by every good catholic which I had met on the road, and conducted back to the fold as a stray sheep. In short, I acted right, though by chance, I believe, rather than reflection, as my spirits were too much agitated to reason *much* at the time, yet I did reason a *little*. I had been in a manner injured

ured to the most alarming situations for some time past, and my mind consequently was not so easily thrown out of its bias, as it would probably have been, had I been less tutored in the school of adversity. On entering the convent, every body asked at once what had occasioned my fright? I answered, that I went to look at the picture, seeing that there was no body in the church, when all of a sudden a man came in and took hold of me, and that I had fainted away with terror, not knowing what he might do with me, as I was all alone; besides, I dreaded their anger, at my negligence in not having fastened the outer door. They enquired if I knew the man? I replied in the negative, but that I thought he spoke *English*, which had made me scold him for his impertinence in that language. They

approved much of my conduct, believed all I said, and gave me a glass of wine to cheer my spirits. A cordial was very unnecessary at that juncture, as it required the utmost effort of my reason to keep my joy at this unexpected event, within the bounds of moderation. I managed, however, pretty well, the licence of the day gave a sort of sanction to my mirth, and consequently they made no observations on the excess of it, which, in spite of all my prudence, appeared in every look and action: This I being conscious of, pretended fatigue, and therefore retired to my chamber earlier than my companions, in order, when alone, to give full vent to the pleasure which filled my heart at having seen my *Harry*; to know that I should be released from this odious confinement, and restored to my friends
and

and liberty ; and that I should owe all these immense blessings to the man I loved, was joy too great almost for my brain. I was lost in extacy when I thought that I should certainly see my lover soon again, that he would now become my guide, protector, and friend. Good God ! cried I, it is too much, I cannot bear it. Happily a flood of tears came to my relief, or I really believe I should have gone mad. I went to bed, but could not sleep ; I passed some hours in mental praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty disposer of all things, who had thus deigned to relieve the sorrows of his creature.

The next morning passed without my hearing any thing of *Harry*, which I was not surpris'd at, as I supposed it would require time to procure proper authority for taking me out of

the convent: Yet I was melancholy; suspense killed me; and in short, I was scarcely in my senses till the following day; when, pretty early in the morning, the Lady abbess sent for me to her apartment. On entering it, she said to me, with tears in her eyes, "I am very sorry, my dear young Lady, that I should have been accessary to your confinement; I was led into an error by that egregious villain who placed you here as his wife; I hope my ignorance of the truth will plead my apology." I resign you with grief, my dear (continued this worthy woman), because I cannot bear to part with you; though at the same time I rejoice that you are going to rejoin your friends, whose sorrow for your loss, I can easily imagine from what I now feel on the same occasion. Here she dropped

dropped a tear; I pressed her to my bosom, and if I did not feel *regret* at parting with her, I did a tender *gratitude* for her sensibility. I thanked her with warmth for all her goodness to me; she begged I would favour her with a line now and then, to inform her of my health and safe arrival in *England*; hoped for the honour of my remembrance, and, if possible, a small share in my friendship. I promised every thing she asked; she then conducted me to the great gates, which being opened, I flew instantly into the arms of my *Harry*, who stood there, accompanied by two other Gentlemen ready to receive me: They in a moment lifted me into a coach and drove away. Here I shall pause—the sequel in my next; till when adieu. Ever yours,

Rennes.

JULIA BOLTON.

Mrs.

Mrs. MERTON to Lady TATTON.

Dear Madam,

I Am ordered by the amiable Lady *Malcom* to inform your Ladyship and Lord *Tatton*, that she surrendered her liberty yesterday morning, by giving her hand to Lord *Malcom* at the altar; (these are her own words), the rest, she says, she has nothing to do with, having only promised that I should inform your Ladyship and her brother when the affair was over. I need not tell you that our charming friend looked like the goddess of love, and behaved like an angel; you who know her, Madam, could not doubt of these truths. The old people on both sides shewed the most lively pleasure at the union of their children; as to the bridegroom's behaviour, it was an

an exact copy of your mate's on the same occasion; Lady *Lucy*'s too, in many respects, was the counter part of your Ladyship's, only she was, I thought, rather more serious. After the ceremony, we dined at *Richmond*, walked in the gardens in the afternoon, then played at cards, supped, and went to bed. No body who had seen us would have supposed it had been a wedding day, except from the glow of pleasure which animated every countenance present. Your sister would not be called a bride, so she was Lady *Lucy* all day; this morning she permits me to give her the name of *Malcom*. We are to leave this amiable couple after dinner; they will remain by themselves for a day or two, and then return to town and shew away.

We hope shortly to see our dear long lost *Julia* in *England*. I here inclose

close to your Ladyship a letter, which my father received from her a few days ago: What his answer to her will be I cannot absolutely decide; but if I know his heart, he will purchase *her* return at any price. Come then, my dear Madam, and partake our bliss, Lord and Lady *Malcom* are impatient to see you, as is your ever affectionate friend, and obliged humble servant,

Richmond.

LOUISA MERTON.

Miss BOLTON to GEORGE BOOTHBY,
Esq;

Dear Sir,

HOW shall I find words to thank you as I ought, for the pain and trouble I have (though, thank God, involuntarily) brought upon you and your family? Strange! What a fate

is

is mine, that I should be thus destined to be the cause of affliction to those whom I love with a filial affection, and whose peace I would willingly purchase at the expence of my own. My dear Sir and Madam, do not love me the less for being thus unfortunate; I tremble, lest for the future the sight of me (which used to give you pleasure) should now become the source of painful reflections to my worthy parents. Forgive your son, Sir, I beg you would; *I*, who am certainly the person most injured, plead for him; restore him to his liberty, I beseech you: Perhaps it may be prudent to keep him out of *England*, both for his and our safety; but at least give him freedom, and affluence in his banishment. I cannot bear to be the cause of dissention between you and *George*; I dare say he is truly peni-

tent by this time, as he has paid a much higher price for his frolick than he ever intended, and even than I have done, since the innocent are never half so wretched as the guilty. You already know, my dear Sir, that I owe my deliverance to your son *Henry*; Providence decided at our birth that he should ever be my defender and protector through life. He is at present with me, nor will I part with him; therefore give us leave to throw ourselves at your feet in *England*, or I will never return to it: If, as you say, my father left my fortune in your power till I am five-and-twenty, in case I married without your consent; keep the money, Sir, only give me your son; I will myself wait upon the Chancellor, and tell him my story. *His* heart, I am persuaded, will not be so insensible to compassion, as *yours* has

has ever been on the subject. Promise me then, my dear Mr. *Boothby*, that you won't send *Harry* from me, nor oppose our union when I come of age, and I will return with transport to the arms of you, and my honoured mother Mrs. *Boothby*. The rest of my life shall be spent in soothing those cares, which I have been cruelly necessitated to bring on you both. Let my *Henry's* virtues console you for the faults of his brother; take him and I under your paternal wings—let the scene of our mutual happiness be the source of your joys; we will never leave you, we will live with you and our mother; and by our constant attention to your precious healths, as well as our assiduous care to contribute all in our power to your mutual felicity, prolong those days which will ever be as dear to us as our own. Ensure therefore,

fore, my dear father, your *own* happiness by confirming *ours*; consider, that we shall certainly not be the less married, though you should refuse your consent. Do not therefore damp our joys, by withholding your blessing from us. I tell you honestly, that I have, by the force of caresses and persuasion, made your son deviate a little from that rigid duty towards his parents, which he had ever held so sacred. But put yourself in his place, my good guardian, and tell me candidly, at his age, would you have refused me? Our fate is in your hands, Sir, promise to comply with my request, and we will be with you as fast as wind and horses will carry us; but do not think to separate us. *Harry* has sworn that no violence shall tear him from me, so you see we are both pretty resolute. If your son was in
love

love with my fortune, he would be unworthy of me ; but no, for I am absolutely certain, that I should not be an atom less dear to him if I was as *poor* as I am *rich*. Nay, I really believe, that I am the latter in a superlative degree, is a circumstance which rather gives him pain than pleasure. In short, my dear Sir, *Harry* is the model of yourself? Ought he not therefore to be the man of my choice? Your last favour arrived safe through the hands of Lady *Malcom* ; continue to make use of the same conveyance, if you please, for never shall you know where I am (by my means) till you consent to make your son and I happy. My tenderest love to Mrs. *Boothby*, and my dear *Louisa*, to whom I wish a happy time; tell her it will be your fault if I dont stand godmother to her child. I am, dear Sir, your

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M

ever

ever affectionate and obliged friend and daughter,

JULIA BOLTON.

Lady TATTON to Lady MALCOM.

JOY, my dear *Lucy*, joy to you and your happy mate ; my husband is all transport upon the occasion : He says, your were so long about it, that he frequently trembled lest some unforeseen event should have prevented your union. He hates long courtships, my dear, which was *one* reason I yielded so soon. We shall be in town in a few days, I hope. How delightful you have made us, by the account you write of our amiable friend *Julia* ; Mrs. *Merton* too has been very kind on that head. Your brother swears he will cut *George's* throat, if ever he meets him in *England* ; God keep

keep him out of it, I say, but he is safe enough at present, that is my comfort. What a consummate villain he must be, and how has the poor dear girl suffered!

Her letter to Mr. *Boothby* charmed me, it is wrote with so much spirit and resolution. The old man must be mad if he still continues to oppose what it is no longer in his power to hinder.

The *Hackits* have not yet left *Bath*; the young man told me the other day, that he had already recovered sixty thousand pounds of his wife's fortune, and by what he could learn, that rascal *Wilker* had at least twenty thousand pounds of Mr. *Macallen's* in his hands at the time of his death, but *that* he supposed was irretrievably gone, as the birds were flown; which he observed gave him very little concern, as he had already a great deal too

much money, if it was not that he thought his *Jenny* could never have enough; for as to himself, he could have been supremely happy in a cottage with her. I asked him how he stood in the good graces of his father and mother? He answered, that they were upon civil terms, and no more; for Sir *Jasper* had never forgiven him in his heart since the law-suit, which decided his right to the estate left him by his grandfather. And indeed, added Mr. *Hackit*, I am sorry now that ever I claimed it; but I could not foresee what would happen, and at that time I thought I must have starved without it, as my father would not allow me enough to maintain myself and wife with decency. I now enquired after Mrs. *Macallen*; he replied, she declines fast, I think, Madam, which I am sorry for, as it apparently gives

Jenny

Jenny so much concern; otherwise, upon the whole, I don't much admire her myself; but she is my *Jenny's* mother, and as such I shall always shew her all possible respect. Pray, said I, if it is not impertinent, Mr. *Hackit*, What was her motive for leaving her husband? "She says, difference in
 " opinions on religious matters, was
 " the sole cause; but Mrs. *Smith*, who
 " was at *Madrafs* when the separation
 " happened, tells another story; as
 " indeed I find, do most people who
 " were then on the spot." I asked him, if he did not think it very extraordinary, that she should never either have seen or wrote to her children in the course of so many years, though she knew perfectly well where they were? He replied, "Yes, so it is;
 " but still more so, I think, that she
 " should have petitioned the *East-*

“ *India* Company for her husband’s
 “ effects, without ever mentioning her
 “ children . But on the contrary, pre-
 “ tending that she was his only living
 “ heir. This she did, I find, imme-
 “ diately upon Mr. *Macallen*’s de-
 “ cease.” There is a mystery in all
 this, said he, which I believe preys
 upon her mind, and will probably be
 unravelled when she approaches her
 end. “ She declares her first motive
 “ for putting the advertisement into
 “ the papers was, on reading a para-
 “ graph in the *Gazetteer*, which I had
 “ caused to be inserted ; that on such
 “ a day Mr. *Hackit*, son of Sir *Jasper*
 “ *Hackit*, of *Ivy Castle*, &c. was mar-
 “ ried to Miss *Jenny Homes*, daughter
 “ of the late *Patrick Homes*, Esq; who
 “ had been many years Governor of
 “ *Madrafs* in the *East-Indies*. Yet
 “ observe, that it was long after my
 “ marriage

“ marriage that she advertised for her
 “ daughter. In short, I will say no
 “ more about her, but I have my own
 “ private thoughts on the matter.”

Here he looked at his watch, and finding it dinner time, took his leave. This is a puzzling affair, *Lucy*, but time, the great revealer of all mysteries, will, I suppose, clear it up one of these days.

Since I wrote the above, Lord *Tatton* has sprained his ancle with jumping out of his chariot; he is confined to his bed with it. This ugly accident will prevent our being in town so soon as we intended. I was a good deal frightened when it happened, and was bled; but have found no bad consequences from it, thank God. Tell Lord *Malcom*, I desire he would take my *Edward* for the pattern of perfection as a husband. But no, let him

M 4 follow

follow the dictates of his own good heart, and then he will make just such another as his friend does. As to wives, I dare not talk of them, being conscious how far you will outshine me in that article: So no comparisons, I beseech you, if you love your truly affectionate

Bath.

JANE TATTON.

Miss BOLTON to Lady MALCOM.

O My amiable friend! may you be as happy in marriage as you deserve to be, or as the wishes of your *Julia* would make you, which comes to the same thing. Tell Lord *Malcom* I sincerely rejoice at your mutual felicity; entreat him to honour me with a share in his friendship, I will always endeavour to preserve so precious a favour, which I have some right to,
both

both on my *Henry's* account as well as your Ladyship's, as he avers, that he is as much attached to your *Augustus* as I am to my *Lucy*. Beg of him to forgive my having delayed his union with you. Had I known I did so, I should have had a sorrow the more to have combated with. Indeed, my dear, it was refining too much on friendship, not to make yourself and lover happy, because I was wretched; but I was born to be the source of pain to those who love me, and whom I love. Lady *Tatton* writes in high spirits. How my heart dilates at the happiness of my friends! Let but my guardian comply with my desires, and I will instantly fly to partake their joy, and communicate my own. I am impatient till I hear from him.

At present I shall write the sequel of my adventures. I had, in my last, I think,

think, just left the convent, in company with three Gentlemen. *viz.* the *Intendant* of the province, a lawyer, and my *Henry*. Immediately upon being seated in the coach, *Harry* exclaimed, O! Miss *Bolton*, this is too great an excess of joy, it is hardly to be born; and yet I must suppress the transports of my heart in this blissful moment before these men. I looked at him, I could not speak, but my eyes did; and I read in his, that they understood their language. The two Gentlemen congratulated me on my deliverance from the convent, assuring me, that they thought themselves peculiarly happy in having been instrumental towards the restoring me again to liberty and my friends. *Harry* said to me in *French* (for it would not have been polite to have talked in an unknown tongue before the Gentlemen)

it

it was not the sight of you, Miss *Bolton*, which deprived me of the power of speech in the church, but the seeing you in the nun's habit. I was seized with terror, before I had time to recollect that you had not been in the convent long enough to have past your probation, and to have taken the black veil in which I saw you. Whilst you was in a swoon, I had leisure to recall my scattered ideas, and reflection removed my fears of having lost you irrevocably. Was you then not surprised at the sight of me in that convent? said I. No, Madam, he replied, since I knew you was in the house. Heavens! cried I, how came you by that knowledge? I will tell you some other time, said he; but at present it will be necessary to inform you, where you are going to with these Gentlemen and myself. We shall first, if you please,

please, present you to the Duke of A——, governor of this province, in order to prove the identity of your person; as also to demand his protection for your future security whilst you stay here. These steps must be taken, in order to indemnify these Gentlemen, for the having taken you forcibly out of the convent. When this is over, I will, Madam, with your permission, place you with a respectable Lady of my acquaintance, and the sister of this Gentleman (pointing to the *Intendant*), who will be a parent to you as long as you shall chuse to stay in her house. I heard all this without giving much attention to it; my whole soul was absorbed in the extatic pleasure of gazing on my *Henry*, and in thinking that I was at liberty, and should consequently soon see

see my *Lucy*, and the rest of my valuable friends.

When we came to *Rennes*, the coach stopped at a grand hotel there ; I was presented to the Duke of *A——* ; he received me with the polite ease of a *Frenchman* of the first distinction, asked me several questions, read some papers which *Harry* gave him, and then turning to me, said, “ Beauty like
 “ yours, Miss *Bolton*, is almost a sufficient apology for any crime which
 “ might be committed, in order to obtain the possession of it : However, I heartily sympathize with
 “ you, in the sufferings you have gone through, and infinitely rejoice at
 “ your restoration to liberty ; long may you live to enjoy that and every
 “ other blessing. And now, *Madoiselle*, I beg you would command
 “ my services to the utmost of my
 “ power,

“ power, without any reserve.” I said a number of fine things in return for all this civility, and then his Grace introduced me to his Dutches; she was a fine woman, and received me with an affecting tenderness in her manner, which touched me, and prejudiced me much in her favour. *Harry* now entered her Grace’s apartments; upon which I took my leave, but not till I had promised to dine with her the next day. The three Gentlemen and I got into the coach again; we dropped the lawyer by the way, and at last arrived at a handsome house, where we stopped; this was, I found, to be the place of my residence. I was met upon the stairs by the *Intendant’s* sister, *Madame des Touches*; her figure was engaging, and her manner still more so. She clasped me in her arms with the *French* vivacity, saying,

saying, Charming girl! What have you gone through! my heart bleeds to think of it; but thank God, I hope it is all over now. We soon went to dinner, which when over, the *Intendant* and his sister retired, apologizing, however, for leaving us alone, though it was evident that they did so on purpose.

The moment they disappeared, *Harry* threw himself at my feet, and respectfully taking one of my hands, he kissed it, saying, O! Miss *Bolton*, what felicity is this! Divine *Julia*, how my soul doats on you! I stooped, and putting my cheek to his, cried, My beloved *Harry*, my heart's too full, I cannot speak; and so I burst into tears. *Henry*, whose respect is equal to his love, took no advantage of the disorder, which my joy on seeing him at my knees, had thrown me into; he seated himself by me, his
eyes

eyes spoke the excess his passion, more than his *words*; they were full of tears of affection, and an universal tremor shook his frame. I began to fear at last, that the scene might grow too tender, so I begged he would inform me how he came by the intelligence of my being in the convent, from whence he had that day taken me? He would have deferred the narration, but I insisted, and he answered, I must obey you, my angel. Know then, that I had received many letters from my father, both from *England*, *Rouen*, and *Paris*; in all of them he exhorts me to make the most diligent search after you, and sends me the proper authorities for your deliverance, out of the hands of those who might be found to have detained you from your friends and country. I was (you may be certain, *Julia*) almost out of my senses with

with grief, when I heard that you had been run away with ; but judge (if you can) of the horror which seized me, on being informed that the ravisher was *George Boothby*. I need not tell you, my dear girl, of the unwearyed pains I took to discover the place of your confinement ; but for a length of time all my labours proved vain. To add to my disappointment, my father, on his arrival in *London*, wrote me how fruitless all his enquiries after you had been. I therefore returned home, firmly persuaded in my own mind, that fatigue and vexation had killed you ; and that your being dead was the cause of *George's* obstinate silence. This cruel idea flung me into a state of mind bordering on despair ; when one day, as I was sitting alone, weeping over your picture, a servant told me that an *Englishman* desired to

Speak to me. My heart leaped at the news, hoping that I might possibly hear something about my lost *Julia*. I bid the servant shew the person in. He entered; when shutting the door, he advanced to me, saying, "Don't you know me, Sir?" I looked steadfastly in the fellow's face, and then recollected *Thomas*, who had been *George's* servant on his travels, and whom I had frequently seen with him. Where is your master, villain? cried I, seizing him by the throat, and where is that injured innocence, Miss *Bolton*? Have patience, Sir, he replied coolly, and I will tell you all I know of both of them. The fellow then related to me how you was taken away from *Soko*; with a circumstantial account of all that happened to you till you was placed in a convent. His master, he said, having secured you there, returned

turned to *Rennes*, stayed there that night, where he bought a couple of bad horses, and then ordered *Thomas* to procure a sailor's jacket for himself. He did so; and the next morning they mounted their nags, and rode slowly on the road. " My master (said the
 " fellow) being plunged in the deepest
 " melancholy, and not seeming to
 " know which road to take, whether to
 " the coast or to *Paris*. I observed him
 " to sigh frequently; at last he said
 " to me, *Thomas*, if you are but faith-
 " ful, I have nothing to fear, for no
 " body but you can prove that Miss
 " *Bolton* was ever with me since her
 " elopement. I have secured her from
 " telling tales, and if you blab, you
 " villain, I will most certainly be the
 " death of you; but on the contrary,
 " should you continue incorruptible
 " in your integrity to me, I here

“ swear that I will make your fortune.
 “ I promised to be faithful; when
 “ putting on his horse briskly, he cried,
 “ then away for *England*, we shall
 “ infallibly find ships either at *Rouen*
 “ or at *Dieppe*, which will convey us
 “ thither in a few hours. The horses
 “ however, were in no hurry, nor
 “ could they be prevailed on to go
 “ faster than a gentle trot, so that we
 “ were a considerable time before we
 “ arrived at *Rouen*. My master put
 “ up there, at a little house in the
 “ suburbs, purposing to go to *Dieppe*
 “ the next day; but one of our horses
 “ being lame, we could not go that
 “ day, so he wandered about the fields
 “ all the morning, not chusing to go
 “ into the town, though he relied
 “ much on his disguise, and often said
 “ no body could know him. In one
 “ of these melancholy walks he was
 “ met

“ met by his father and Mr. *Merton*;
 “ you know the rest, Sir. I was dress-
 “ ing my horses, when a country fel-
 “ low, who was drinking at the door,
 “ said, there is a great bustle in our
 “ town just now, *two English* Gentle-
 “ men have taken up a *third*, they
 “ say, and put him into prison, for
 “ running away with a fine young La-
 “ dy that is vastly rich. I listened
 “ no longer, but saddling my horse,
 “ continued whistling, as if I had
 “ heard nothing of the story. I then
 “ mounted one horse, and left the
 “ other to discharge the reckoning.
 “ No body took any notice of my
 “ riding away; as I left the lame
 “ horse, they imagined, I suppose,
 “ that I was only gone to fetch the
 “ farrier. I now made the best of
 “ my way from a place in which I was
 “ certain of sharing my master’s fate,

“ if I was caught ; and knowing from
 “ your brother where you was, Sir, I in-
 “ stantly-resolved to make all the repa-
 “ ration in my power to the injured
 “ young Lady, whom I had involunta-
 “ rily contributed to distress. I fre-
 “ quently wished, Sir, to have rescued
 “ her from my master ; my heart ached
 “ to see her take on as she did, but I
 “ knew he would kill me if he should
 “ detect us ; and I saw no sure means
 “ of escaping with her, especially as we
 “ had no money, for my master had
 “ taken away her pockets. However,
 “ had he ever attempted to dishonour
 “ the Lady, I would have risked my
 “ life in her defence ; but to do him
 “ justice, he always behaved with
 “ great respect to Miss *Bolton*. I de-
 “ clare to you, Sir, and I beg you
 “ would believe me, that I intended
 “ to have given my master the slip at
 “ *Dieppe*,

“ *Dieppe*, and then I would have made
 “ the best of my way to you, in or-
 “ der to have told your honour all I
 “ knew of this cruel affair.” The
 fellow wiped his eyes frequently whilst
 he narrated all the distresses you went
 through, *Julia*. This mark of his sensa-
 bility, together with the interesting
 piece of intelligence he brought me
 about you, made me much more inclined
 to take him in my arms, than to pu-
 nish him, as he seemed apprehensive of.
 It was him, my dear *Julia*, that con-
 ducted me to your convent, and he is
 now, with what little baggage I brought
 with me, at the inn: I did not bring
 another coat, as you may easily sup-
 pose, the *end* of his narration to have
 been the *beginning* of my journey to
 release you; for I flew on the wings
 of love, to give liberty to the idol of
 my heart. The Lady you are now

with, said he, *Julia*, has a son, who was in the same compting-house as myself for two years; we contracted a sincere friendship for each other in the course of that time; he it was who made me acquainted with his worthy mother. I now thanked my deliverer as I ought, for all the blessings he had bestowed on me, and the zeal he had shewn in my service. I found *Madame des Touches* had offered him an apartment in her house, which I was glad of, as I was a perfect stranger to the Lady. I shall not trouble you, my dear *Lucy*, with describing the people I am with, nor the rest of my acquaintance, which are numerous; suffice it, that I am as happily situated as I can be, at such a distance from my beloved friends: it is in their power to recall me. Use your interest with Mr. *Boothby* for that purpose,
my

my dear, and believe me invariably,
your Ladyship's ever affectionate friend
and obliged humble servant,

Rennes.

JULIA BOLTON.

GEORGE BOOTHBY, *Esq; to the Hon.*

Miss BOLTON.

My ever dear Ward,

IT is I that should make excuses to
you for the outrages which you
have suffered from a son of mine.
Alas! *Julia*, why is he so? But I sub-
mit to the will of Providence, who
has thought proper to afflict me in my
age; for how dare I murmur against
his dispensations, who has mercifully
restored the child of my adoption to
liberty and happiness! *Harry*, and my
Louisa too, are they not blessings to
their parents? Yes, surely they are.
Harry never acted contrary to our will,
in

in any one instance of his life, till an enchantress (whose power I know to be irresistible) seduced him from his duty. My dear children, what shall I say to you? I cannot bear to be deprived of you *both* at once: Come then to the arms of your fond parents; rely upon my tenderness for you, but do not force me to act dishonourably. I cannot consent to your giving your fortune and person to *Harry*; they are too much, he never can merit such treasures. However, I will tell you, that you are absolute mistress of your fortune at the age of one-and-twenty. I imposed upon you, when I supposed myself vested with the care of your money for four years beyond that period. I meant to serve you, my dear, and therefore hope you will pardon the deceit. And now let us compromise matters, *Julia*; do you promise
me

me to suffer the whole of your fortune to be settled on yourself and children, and I will not oppose your marrying *Harry*, supposing the Chancellor consents to your union; without *his* approbation, you ought both to be certain, *mine* must be unobtainable. I have obeyed your orders, my amiable child, with regard to the villain who has treated you so inhumanly. He has been cited in court, to appear to his own defence, in contempt of which citation he is outlawed.

I have settled three hundred pounds *per annum* upon him for life; informing him at the same time, that if ever he is daring enough to set his feet upon *English* ground, a halter shall be his chastisement. He has forfeited all title to my estate, as well as affections. I shall never acknowledge him for a son of mine; but on the contrary,
shall

shall use my utmost endeavours to forget that there is any such being existing as himself. He shall be set at liberty as soon as you and my son are safe arrived in *England*, but not before, lest he should be tempted to do more mischief. So come, my dear children, and bless the longing eyes of your truly affectionate parents,

South Audley-street. G. & L. BOOTHBY.

P. S. My daughter *Merton* is most tenderly yours ; she has made me a grandfather ; Sir *Francis* is almost out of his wits with joy, that the child's a boy. In short, my girl is happy, and deserves to be so, thank God. Remember you are to be godmother, we expect you both with the utmost impatience ; do not, my dear children, defer our happiness.

Lady

Lady TATTON to Lady MALCOM.

MY sweet *Edward* is no longer lame, sister, so we shall be in town, I hope, time enough to meet the lovely *Julia*. I am sensibly obliged to you, my dear, for the constant accounts you have given me of that amiable girl's adventures; she is quite a heroine. I never saw her lover, but Lord *Tatton* says, he is one of the finest figures in nature, with a mind worthy of the case. I don't doubt it; *Julia* would not have been so inviolably attached to him, if he had not possessed distinguished merit.

O! *Lucy*, I have such a story to tell you of that wretch Mrs. *Macallen*, that I really don't know where to begin; I hate painting bad minds, it leaves a disagreeable impression on the
spirits

spirits when one has done it. I was shocked at hearing the story, but I shall be ten times more so on narrating it; but then, how much am I in your debt on that head? so here it goes.

Mr. *Hackit* came to see me yesterday in the dark of the evening, asking the servants if I was alone? They answered, no body was with me but my Lord; upon which he was shewn up into my dressing room. He looked pale, I thought, and much disordered; when advancing to me, he said, Lady *Tatton*, I am come to ask a great favour of you. What is it? said I; if it is any thing in my power, I am sure I shall most willingly grant it. It is, that your Ladyship would be so kind as to go to my wife, he replied, her mother is just dead, and she is almost out of her senses. I was going to rise, when your brother re-
 feated

seated me gently, saying, no, *Jenny*, I can't consent to your exposing yourself to such a scene in your present condition, lest it should have too great an effect upon your spirits. I have, you know, my dear, no will but his, therefore told Mr. *Hackit* how sorry I was that my present situation prevented my instantly waiting upon Mrs. *Hackit*, but that if he pleased Lord *Tatton* would (I was certain, with pleasure) fetch her out of the house of sorrow, and bring her to me. He answered, that he should esteem it as a particular favour, if my Lord would be so obliging. *Tatton* put on his hat and sword in a moment, and away they went together; and in about an hour's time returned, leading in Mrs. *Hackit*, who was almost suffocated with her tears. I soothed her grief as much as I was able; and on being told

told

told that she had not been in bed all all night, having sat up with her mother, I prevailed on her to drink a basin of broth, and then to lay down for a few hours. I staid in the room by her, till I found that grief had given way to sleep; she was indeed quite exhausted with sorrow and fatigue. I now returned to the Gentlemen, when Mr. *Hackit* expressed his sense of my goodness to his wife in the most feeling language; adding, “the manner
 “ of my mother-in-law’s death, has
 “ affected *Jenny* much more than the
 “ loss of her would have done; and
 “ the story of her life has shocked the
 “ poor girl almost to death.” I remember, said he, that your Ladyship one day expressed to me a great curiosity on that subject, and it is now in my power fully to satisfy it: I earnestly begged he would; when after having
 ing

ing drawn a paper out of his pocket, he thus began.

Your Ladyship and Lord *Tatton* both know, that Mrs. *Macallen* has for some time been in a declining state of health: The *Bath* waters were prescribed for her; but instead of their doing her any good, I really am of opinion they have hastened her end. The day before yesterday she was suddenly seized with the most violent pain in her bowels imaginable; she shrieked with the agonies she suffered, till you might almost have heard her hither. The doctor gave her opium, I believe, for she was easier at intervals, and then she raved and talked like a drunken person. She frequently cried out—I did not kill my husband, it was *Wilker* did it. Thus she continued for some time, till at last she grew calmer; but the physicians declared

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that

that a mortification was inevitable, consequently she could not live long. This opinion of theirs I thought proper to inform her of ; and at the same time asked her, if she chose to see a clergymen ? She fetched a deep sigh, and answered, yes, Sir, if you please ; and the sooner the better, for, God knows, I have a long account to settle, and but a short time to do it in. I instantly sent for Dr. *Smith*, your Ladyship knows him, therefore I need not tell you that he is an honour to his cloth ; he came immediately. On his entrance into Mrs. *Macallen*'s room, she said, I desire every body may quit the chamber but the doctor and my son *Hackit*. They did so ; when raising herself a little on her pillow, she said, in a faint voice, “ If the confession of
 “ an ill spent life can be any sort of
 “ atonement for it, I am ready to
 “ make

“ make a candid acknowledgment of
 “ all my sins.” The doctor replied,
 that as an act of contrition, he hoped,
 and believed, it would be acceptable
 to God. She then desired me to reach
 a little box to her, which stood upon
 the bureau; bidding me at the same
 time take the keys out of her pockets
 and open it. I obeyed; it was full of
 papers. She said (pointing with her
 finger) “ *that* tied with red tape is
 “ what I want, give it the doctor, and
 “ desire him to read it aloud.” This
 is the paper, said Mr. *Harkit*; which
 Dr. *Smith* then read, and which I will
 now read to you.

“ I am the daughter of a merchant
 at *Frankfort* in *Germany*, who was
 doatingly fond of me, as was my mo-
 ther, whom I lost when I was fifteen
 years old; a period of time when I
 wanted her maternal care the most.

About a year before her death, my father had taken into his compting-house an *English* lad, whose name was *Fletcher*; he was about nineteen years of age, and of a handsome figure, but his mind was corrupt, he being a perfect libertine both in practice and principles. His father kept a livery stable in *London*. This young fellow had never attracted my notice during my mother's life, but after her death he and I were frequently left alone together of an evening, when my father (after the business of the day) used to go and relax himself a little among his friends. Thus exposed to his addresses and importunities, *Fletcher* took advantage of my youth and weakness, and, in short, ruined me. We carried on our criminal correspondence for near two years, without ever being suspected by my father, who about that time

was

was seized with a stroke of the dead palsy, which took him off in a few days. I was his heir. An uncle of mine settled all my father's affairs for me; which, when finished, he told me, I was worth six thousand pounds under his guardianship during my minority. Not long after this, Mr. *Macallen* arrived at *Frankfort*, upon what occasion I have forgot, though I think he had some business to transact with my uncle, who brought him to see me. He lost his heart at first sight, and proposed himself to my guardian, who mentioned it to me as a very advantageous offer, saying, "and I expect, niece, that you will receive the Gentleman's addresses favourably." I loved *Fletcher*, but knew I could not marry him till I was one-and-twenty; and, his time of apprenticeship being out, he intended to re-

turn to *England*, having no dependence but on his father. I believe he would willingly then have made me his wife, could he have secured my fortune; but had I died under age, he never would have had a fix-pence of it, and if I lived till then, we had no prospect of any thing but poverty and distress in the interim. I consulted *Fletcher* upon my uncle's proposal; he advised me by all means to accept of the offer, saying, we can surely deceive your husband, my dear, as well as we did your father; besides, consider that you may not perhaps meet with another *Englishman* for your purpose; and in that case, we have no chance of meeting again for some years at least, if ever. This consideration made me comply with my uncle's request. Mr. *Macallen* found me very conformable to his wishes, so that in a
decent

decent time we were married. After some weeks spent at *Frankfort*, my husband proposed our going to *England*; I readily agreed to it, as *Fletcher* was gone thither a fortnight before, and I longed to follow him. We had contrived to have frequent meetings, however, during the time he staid in town after my marriage. In short, Mr. *Macallen* and I came to *England*; I gave notice of our arrival to my lover; he found means of seeing me in *London*, tho' seldom, and with great difficulty. As a foreigner, I was very remarkable; besides, I was totally unacquainted with the place, so that we found ourselves much more restrained than we had been at *Frankfort*.

My husband, about a year after we came to *England*, informed me that he was appointed Governor of *Madrafs* in the *East-Indies*. I trem-

bled at the thought of being separated from the man I loved. *He* promised, however, in order to make me easy, that he would use his utmost endeavours to get named a writer for the *East-India* company at the same place; and that if he succeeded, he would follow me as quick as possible. This prospect afforded me some consolation. I hated Mr. *Macallen*, he was much older than I, and had a serious reserved manner, which disgusted me; yet he was tender of, and kind to me, to an excess; nor could I (with justice) complain of any part of his behaviour; but I disliked him originally, and conscious of the injuries I daily did, I grew to have an aversion for him. So true it is, that we never pardon those whom we wrong. The violent passion I still retained for *Fletcher* contributed not a little to the rendering
my

my husband disagreeable to me. The fatal hour which was to tear me from *England* arrived at last, and I was conducted on board of an *Indiaman*, bound for *Madrafs*. I had taken an affectionate leave of my lover the day before my departure ; his dear image employed all my thoughts, till extreme sickness obliterated *his*, as well as all *other* ideas, from my mind. I expected I should die every minute. Ah ! why did I not ? I should then have been saved from becoming accessary to the most horrid of crimes.

We arrived at *Madrafs*, where my husband took the name of *Hemes*, not chusing to be thought an *Irishman*, in order to give no offence to the inhabitants of the place, who, it seems, have a paritcular dislike to that nation. About ten months after my arrival in *India*, I found myself with
child,

child, and was in due time brought to bed of a girl : The next year I had another. The birth of these children gave my husband the utmost pleasure, and attached him (if possible) still more tenderly to me. On my part, I grew to dislike him less ; the absence of my lover, without doubt, contributed greatly to this alteration in my sentiments. I now lived, if not happily, yet content. My children were, as they grew up, instructed in the protestant religion, contrary either to my opinion or consent : But Mr. *Homes* was not to be moved by my entreaties, that at least one of the girls should be allowed to follow the faith of her mother. He taught them carefully their catechism, hearing them say their prayers night and morning ; and, in short, forbid me ever talking to them on the subject of religion, on pain of his

his utmost displeasure, threatening even to part with me should I disobey his orders. This manner of proceeding raised my resentment, and weakened the affection which I naturally had for my children. However, when they were about six years old, I prevailed on him to let them be sent to a convent in *France* for their education, as they could have none where we were; assuring him at the same time, that I would not interfere in the affair, but leave *him* to give what instructions *he* pleased with regard to the religion he chose they should be brought up in. Mr. *Macallen* had a notion, that it was a requisite accomplishment in every woman of any fashion, to speak *French* elegantly, which was a great inducement to his consenting to his children's going to *France*: Besides, he had two sisters who were bred up
in

in convents, and yet continued to be rigid protestants ; so that I really believe, he thought there was less danger of their being perverted in a nunnery than with me. He, however, wrote positive orders to the nuns, that the girls should preserve their own mode of faith, and not be obliged (on any pretext whatsoever) to attend the service of the church of *Rome*. This convention, I knew, signified nothing, and was what they neither could or would comply with whatever promises they made. I therefore saw the girls embark for *France* with pleasure, and felt not the least regret at parting with them. Soon after this event I received a letter from *Fletcher*, informing me, that at last he had got leave to come to *India* as a free merchant. My heart bounded with joy at this news. He arrived ; when we soon formed a
plan

plan for our meetings. Mr. *Homes*, either from the good opinion he had conceived of my conduct, or from inattention, I know not which, shewed no curiosity to be informed how I disposed of my time. Thus secure, we grew less careful to conceal our intrigue; when at last I proposed *Fletcher's* coming home to me at the hours I knew Mr. *Homes* would be engaged in business. He did so, and we were not suspected (as I thought) by any body; when one fatal evening, my gallant being with me, my husband surprised us in a situation which was not equivocal; he looked with contempt and indignation on us both, and without speaking one word retired. The next day brought me the following epistle from him.

Madam,

Madam,

As I find you prefer the fellow I found with you last night, both to your husband and your honour, I beg you would follow *him*, and your own *inclinations* to whatever part of the globe you think proper, only leave this country immediately, or I shall be obliged to apply to law in order to force you. I have sent you by the bearer, bills upon *England* to the amount of *ten* thousand pounds: You brought me *six* thousand, so I hope you will think the other four good interest for your money. I wish, I sincerely wish you happy! but must say, I cannot suppose you ever will be so till you return to virtue, and a just sense of the real injury you have done your friend and humble servant,

P. HOMES.

This

This letter, instead of filling me with remorse, gave me the most extatic pleasure. I communicated its contents to my lover, who was transported at the thought that we were now both rich and free. There were at that time several ships in the port bound for *England*: We took our passage in one of them, which failed in a few days. During this interval, Mr. *Homes* behaved in such a manner, that nobody suspected what had passed between us; to me, indeed, he never spoke, but before company, nor even saw me. After my departure, he told every body that I was gone to see my children; but I found afterwards that the wretch who had betrayed me to my husband, had not failed of publishing the adventure to every one who would listen to her. This creature, it seems, had watched my steps and actions for

some time : She was a child when I bought her, and I confess that I used sometimes to beat her unmercifully ; so that she was probably actuated by revenge (a passion to which the black *Indians* are much addicted) to make this discovery. Be that as it may, *Fletcher* and I returned to *England* ; our hearts elated with joy, and our pockets full of bills, which we received in specie immediately on our arrival there. I thought it prudent, however, to change my name ; I did so, and took his. We then made a tour through *Holland*, *France*, and a part of *Italy*. *Fletcher* loved gaiety and expence ; so that I began to suspect, from the manner he lived in, that he must have broke into my capital. I frequently asked him the question, but was always answered in the negative. There was no remedy, as I had been
fool

fool enough to put myself entirely in his power, by giving him the possession of my money without having any security for it, so that it was his own to all intents and purposes. Thus we went on for four years; when one day (we were then at *Leghorn*) he told me with a ghastly look, that he had not above five pounds left in the world. How! cried I, out of ten thousand which I brought you! Look you, Madam, he replied, no airs, or I quit you for ever. This menace effectually silenced me for the present. I loved the villain, and my weak heart could not bear to lose him. What is to be done? I asked: there is but one way for you to act, said he, and that is, to encourage the inclination which Signor *Gemmelli* (he was a *Florentine*) seems to have for you; he is rich, and may keep you from starving, till you can

do better for yourself; you are still handsome enough (continued he) to get your bread, at least for some years, and who knows what may happen in the interim; your husband may die, or your children: In short, if you have any luck, you may (for ought I know) be rich *again* one of these days, and then command me; I cannot starve with you, but I am always ready to live with you. I was shocked beyond expression at his impudence, as well as at the unfeeling manner in which the vile man made me this odious proposal. I rejected it with rage and disdain. He answered me, without any signs of emotion, " Well, Madam, " since you don't approve of my " scheme, I hope you have formed " one of your own, which is more " suitable to your taste." So saying, he went out. It is impossible for me

to

to give any idea of the various passions which now took possession of my breast; I cried, stamped, tore my hair, and, in short, behaved like a mad woman. *Fletcher* did not come home that day to dinner, at which I was not surprised, as he left me in such an ill temper. But when night came, and I still heard nothing of him, I began to be alarmed, and sent servants different ways to look for him. When, after some hours spent in the utmost anxiety and perturbation of spirits, news was brought me that the monster had embarked that morning on board an *English* vessel bound for *London*: This was the *coup de grace*—I was petrified with horror at his perfidy; and now, for the first time, began to suspect, that vice had its thorns as well as its roses. I repented the having betrayed my husband, but too

late ; I was lifted under the banners of guilt, and had not fortitude enough to leave her service, though I was sensible that she was leading me on to destruction. It was now the general topic of conversation at *Leghorn*, that my husband had left me destitute, and had robbed me of valuables to a vast amount, with many other circumstances equally void of truth ; all of which, however, tended to make me the object of universal compassion. The first who offered me his services, was Signor *Gemelli* ; he was old, ugly, and in every respect compleatly detestable, but he had money, and I had none. Every body pitied me, and recommended me piously to the care of Providence. Signor *Gemelli* was the only one who proposed taking that office upon himself ; I was therefore necessitated to accept of his proposals,

posals, and consequently in less than a week accompanied him to his house. I did not live long with this man, whose temper was diabolical, but left him for a *French* Marquis, who took me to *Paris*. There, by accident, I became acquainted with an *English* woman of an intriguing head and a bad heart: She was then woman to a Lady of quality. This creature I kept a correspondence with, after her return to *England*; she wrote me, that she had left her mistress, and then lived with Mr. *Wilker*, whom I knew to be my husband's correspondent in *London*. Not to dwell on circumstances, which are of no signification, suffice it, that I was turned off by the Marquis, and passed through various hands, till I at last fell to the lot of a *Dutchman*, whose name was *Vanderbec*. He came to *Paris* about bu-

siness, and took me with him to *Holland*; where he employed me all day long in his compting-house, as he found I wrote a good hand, and understood figures. I thought this ill treatment; we quarrelled, and the *boor*, without farther ceremony, gave me twenty guineas, and bid me leave his house. I was now destitute of friends, nor had I any means of procuring myself bread; *Holland* being a country where gallantry does not flourish much. I therefore determined to go to *England*, hoping, that by making myself known to Mr. *Wilker*, I might get some money of him on my husband's credit; besides, I still loved *Fletcher*, and wished to see him again. Accordingly I went to *London*, where I suffered every degree of wretchedness which want and misery of all kinds could inflict; for *Wilker* had
 heard

heard my story, and would not advance me a shilling, by the means of my old acquaintance who lived with him. I found out *Fletcher*; he was as poor as I, and therefore would have avoided me, but it was impossible, as he was her brother. We now all three entered into a scheme of robbing *Wilker*; when news came from *India* that Mr. *Homes* had remitted large sums of money to *England*, and was himself preparing to follow his fortune as fast as he could. Mrs. *Wilmot* (for that was the name of *Wilker's* maid, wife, or mistress, for I was dubious which of these titles belonged to her, perhaps all in their turns) informed her brother of this news, adding, Mr. *Wilker* seems very busy upon the occasion, but I see no money or bank bills: “we had, I fancy, better
 “ postpone our plot till I can learn

“ how *Homes's* riches are to be come
 “ at.” This old *Wilker* would have
 sold his soul for five pounds, such was
 his avarice ; and the immense riches
 which he found my husband was pos-
 sessed of, dazzled his senses, and pro-
 bably determined him from that time
 to render himself the possessor of them.
 Be that as it may, Mr. *Homes* arrived
 in *England* sooner than *Wilker* expect-
 ed him ; and *Wilker* communicated to
 his dear and faithful *Wilmot* his inten-
 tion of poisoning his guest before he
 could have time to see any of his
 friends, lest he should make known to
 them what effects he had brought over
 with him. This design was communicat-
 ed by *Wilmot* to her brother, and by him
 to me ; on hearing of which I vowed,
 that unless they would agree to enter
 into articles with me to perform cer-
 tain conditions, which I should stipu-
 late,

late, I would warn my husband of his danger, and have them all taken up. (This I did, because I remembered how I had been left at *Leghorn*). Alarmed at this unexpected declaration of mine, they promised to acquiesce to whatever I should think proper to propose. I then made *Fletcher* give me under his hand, a promise to marry me immediately on Mr. *Homes's* decease, as also that we three should equally share the plunder, and that my part should be entirely at my own disposal, independent of my future husband. Things being thus amicably settled, we resolved to get rid of *Wilker* as soon he had dispatched Mr. *Homes*. The next day *Wilmot* sent me word, that the Gentleman lately arrived from *Madrafs* was just then dead of an apoplexy. He was interred as privately as possible, and Mr. *Wilker* now took
quiet

quiet possession of his effects. *Wilmot* told us, that his conscience afflicted him dreadfully at times, for he waked her frequently in the night, with crying out, " See there he is, how angry " he looks !" We all agreed that she should augment his terrors as much as possible, by often starting, and pretending to hear odd noises, and see strange sights, &c. and sometimes to drop in a word or two about the heinous sin of murder. This we did, in hopes that he would either die of remorse, or perhaps destroy himself, and and by that means save us the trouble. *Wilmot* pursued this plan so well, that *Wilker* was almost out of his senses ; when a friend of the late Mr. *Homes's* called on him one morning ; they had a long conversation together, and were pretty loud, *Wilmot* told us, and that not long after the Gentleman was gone, she

she went to tell *Wilker* that his dinner was ready, when she found him laying dead on the floor, with his throat cut from ear to ear. At this news, *Fletcher* and I flew with joy to the house, under pretext of consoling the afflicted widow (for such she now declared herself to be). Her brother pressed me to marry him directly, fearing, I suppose, that I should play them a trick, by proving my right to my late husband's effects, and so leave them in the lurch, as he had formerly done me. I had no such intention, but was not in a hurry to be married, as I wished to see the dividend properly settled first. We now agreed carefully and privately to convey to *Holland*, by small sums at a time, the treasure Mr. *Homes* had so cruelly been robbed of: And in order that we should not be seen too frequently together,

together, *Fletcher* and I lived near *St. James's*, whilst *Mrs. Wilker* remained at her house in the city. *Fletcher* gave me my jewels one day, which *Mr. Homes* had brought from *India* with him, and for which I wrote an acknowledgment, as I possessed them only in part of payment of my share in the plunder: they were valued at ten thousand pounds, so I gave a receipt for that sum. We now began cautiously to transport every thing we had of value (except my jewels) abroad, purposing, when all was removed, to leave *England* ourselves, for fear that time and unforeseen events might discover our crimes, and bring us to punishment, when my daughter arrived. This news terrified me; I knew she and her sister were the lawful heirs to their father's fortune, and as I had already petitioned the directors

rectors of the *East-India* company as the widow of Mr. *Macallen*, and his only surviving heir, I dreaded *her* being known for his child, and therefore instructed Mrs. *Wilker* and her brother to tell Miss *Homes* that her father died worth nothing: And above all things I charged them, to prevent her from making any application at the *India* house. I was determined, however, to secure the girl bread before I left *England*; and in consequence procured two men of very different ranks and characters to make their proposals to her, which in point of money were really advantageous ones; but she refusing both with disdain, I foresaw that the prejudices of her education were not to be eradicated, and that the subduing of her virtue (if practicable) would take up more time than I had to spare, so I
 resolved

resolved to get her a husband ; for which purpose I planned a scheme with *Fletcher* of his going to *York* with her, promising that if he succeeded I would then marry him, and share with him whatever money I might for the future obtain, as the widow of *Mr. Macallen*. He durst refuse me nothing, lest (being provoked) I should turn evidence, and so get all the plunder to myself. I told him that I would pay all the expences which he might be at in this expedition ; and then, by the hands of *Mrs. Wilker*, lent the girl my diamonds to shew away in, not doubting but *Fletcher*, for his own sake, would take care they were returned to me. She, however, proved too cunning for him, and went off with the jewels, which he well knew we durst not reclaim. On his return to town,

town, he related to me the circumstances of this affair, and shewed me a letter from *Jenny*, directed as had been agreed upon between them in another name, enquiring after her pretended father *Mr. Homes*: he answered it as clerk to the person it was addressed to. In short, chagrined, I suppose, that ten thousand pounds had thus escaped him, he determined to secure the rest, for which reason he and his sister went off together, leaving me to shift as I could. Fortunately I had by me bills on the bank for upwards of two thousand pounds, which, in their hurry to be gone, they had probably forgot, or else perhaps they would not have left them behind. I now reviewed my past conduct with detestation and horror, and owned the justice of Providence in having deprived me of that wealth

wealth which I had attained by the death of my husband, and perhaps the ruin of my child ; for I could not hope, that a man who had been so infamously imposed upon as Mr. *Hackit* was, would ever make *Jenny* a good husband. Heaven, in pity to her innocence, has turned the instruments intended for her destruction, into the means of procuring her (in all probability) a lasting happiness. On hearing from a woman of my acquaintance, at whose house Mr. and Mrs. *Hackit* lodged in town, that they were happy in each other, I put an advertisement into the papers, hoping by that means to become acquainted with my children ; determining at the same time to do all in my power to render them service, as a small atonement for the evils I had brought on them. I have been happy enough to
 prove

prove the identity of my child, as well as to have procured some lights into the state of her late father's affairs, whose papers were most of them in my hands, having taken them from Mrs. *Wilker*, who feared their being found in her possession. But guilt has broke my spirits, remorse devours my health, and I feel that I must soon resign my being into the hands of *Him*, who doubtless gave it me for better purposes than I have put it to: But let it be observed, that no hell hereafter can give more excruciating pains than those I have continually felt in my heart, since my deviation from virtue: peace fled my breast with *her*, and if the delirium of my senses silenced the stings of conscience for some time, yet when it did speak, it only wounded deeper for that short respite. I hope therefore,

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that

that my past sufferings, and my present contrition, for the wickedness of my life, will plead for pardon at the throne of mercy."

Here ended the narration, which, after having heard read, she joined with the parson in most fervent prayers to the Almighty, for forgiveness of her enormous crimes, and died a few hours afterwards; a poor amends, I fear, for such a life.—Here is a story for you, my dear! I am tired to death with writing of it, so God bless you. Yours,

Bath.

J. TATTON.

P. S. Mrs. *Hackit* is better. Her husband tells me, that his sister *Fanny* and her mate fought, so Mr. *Lewis* has parted them. Young *Hackit* has settled one hundred pounds a year upon her,

I

and

and boards her at a clergyman's, a great distance from *Ivy Castle*. Her temper, I find, is intolerable; the two hundred pounds her brother sent her, *he* has consented that her husband shall keep. Adieu.

*Lady MALCOM to Lady TATTON at
Brumpton Park.*

SO, you left *Bath*, crossed the country, and never called upon your friends in *London*; but I must not scold you, since I find Lady *Plumstead* has been so dangerously ill; I most sincerely rejoice with you on her recovery. How many million of thanks do I owe you, my dear sister, for Mrs. *Macallen's* history? What an abandoned vile woman! but she met with her punishment in this

Q 2

world,

world, I think, so I hope she will be pardoned in the next, though, if I was in her place, I should be very doubtful on the point.

Julia and her lover are arrived: No joy sure ever equalled *that* which this amiable family experienced on meeting again after so cruel a separation. Old *Boothby* forgets the severity of those maxims, he has hitherto so invariably adhered to, whilst he contemplates *Julia* and *Henry's* excess of fondness for each other: For my part, I gaze with inexpressible joy on the lovers, till my very eyes ache, so delighted am I to see them thus happy. *Julia* has waited upon the Chancellor, accompanied by *Harry*; what she said to his Lordship I know not, but I know her eloquence, and then the subject—how inspiring! She would not tell us
what

what passed, but she looked chearful on her return home, by which we conjecture that she did not meet with an absolute denial.

So far I had wrote, my dear *Jenny*, when I was seized with a giddiness in my head, which was followed by a fever, occasioned (I really believe) from too much joy on seeing my friend *Julia* again. I have been confined to my room for these six weeks past. My Lord *Malcom's* affliction on the occasion (though he endeavoured to hide it) contributed greatly to the increase of my disorder; I could not bear to see him uneasy. However, thank God, I am now perfectly well, and he is happy.

I suppose you have heard, that *George Boothby* is dead; but perhaps you may not have learnt the particulars, which were as follows.

After

After having obtained his liberty, which was on *Julia* and his brother's arrival in *England*, he went towards the South of *France*, for the benefit of his health, which, it seems, was much impaired by disappointment, and a prison. He was not naturally, you know, of the most gentle disposition, and his crimes (I won't call them misfortunes) upon reflection had not contributed much to the smoothing of his temper; so that going into a coffee-house one day at *Bourdeaux*, he heard a *French* officer talking of the *English* nation, as a people, who, though they enjoyed every blessing under heaven, yet were for ever forming factions, and always discontent. *George*, who was in a humour to have quarrelled with his shadow, told the young Gentleman, that the *English* knew how to beat, as well

well as to laugh at, all the puppies like himself, of his nation; adding, “ *France* experienced this truth sufficiently, I think, in the last war.” This officer happened to be at *Rouen* when *George’s* being put into confinement there, and the cause of it, made such a noise in the town; and the Gentleman had even seen him in jail, and now knew him again: He therefore answered with much spirit, that he did not dispute the bravery of the *English*, but that if, in the late war, his countrymen had only met with such villains as he was to have opposed them, victory would indubitably have changed sides, since scoundrels were never known to be brave. This fired *George*) (as indeed it would have done any man); he desired to have an explanation of the words, villain and scoundrel. Upon which,
by |

by way of reply, the officer related the story of *him* and *Julia* to the whole company, who were all of opinion, that the perpetrator of such a piece of cruelty and injustice, to a young Lady of character, birth, and fortune, and his father's ward too, merited the gallows. *George* quitted the coffee-room, in what temper I leave you to imagine; and the next morning sent a challenge to the officer, who accepted it. They fought, and *George* was killed on the spot. I am not sorry for his death, he deserved it; besides, I should always have lived in terror, lest he should have done either *Julia* or his brother some mischief. Add to this consideration, that his decease has been of singular service to my friend, for now *Harry* being sole heir to his father's estate, the Chancellor has given his consent to the match. Mr. *Boothby* insists

insists that the ceremony shall not be deferred on account of *George's* death, saying, he was no relation of his; However, Mrs. *Boothby* feels he was, and on *her* account they will postpone their nuptials for a short time; and then this deserving and amiable pair are to be united, with the approbation of all their friends. *Julia's* fine seat in *Northamptonshire* is fitting up upon the occasion; her tenants (who have seen none of the family since her father's death) are, Mr. *Boothby* tells us, almost distracted with joy at the thoughts of soon seeing their young Lady. *Harry* is to be made a peer, by the name of Earl of *Wandsworth*, the title of *Julia's* grandfather, my dear; and, in short, joy and magnificence are now our continual themes in *South Audley-street*. *Augustus* and I have promised to accompany the bride and bridegroom to their coun-

try feat. *My Lord* appears to me to have as warm a friendship for young *Boothby*, as I have for *Julia*; so we shall make a charming party *quarré* to *Bolton Park*. Do make it in your way to town, we shall all rejoice to see *you* and *Ned*, they all bid me tell you so; so come away to your friends, and affectionate sister,

Arlington-street.

L. MALCOM.

Mrs. HENRY BOOTHBY to Mrs.
MERTON.

COME, my dearest *Louisa*, come to *Bolton Park*, in order to contemplate the happiness of those who are nearest and dearest to you; bring your husband and sweet babe along with you. Your father and mother (from whom we are determined never to separate ourselves for the future) grow young again, from the happiness

ness of their children. Lord and Lady *Malcom* seem delighted with their present situation; let this circumstance encourage you to add to our felicity by your presence; we will all return with you to town in the winter, as we have promised my father to make use of his house in *London*, on condition that he and my mother will promise to reside with us the rest of the year in the country.

How grateful, my dear *Louisa*, is my full heart to Providence, who has thus kindly put it in my power to shew my gratitude to my worthy guardians, by my tender care of their age, for that parental kindness they treated me with during my infancy; it shall be the study of my future days to render the remnant of their precious lives happy. My *Harry* will join *his* endeavours to *mine* in this pleasing task.

task. Let me repeat my entreaties,
Louisa, that you, Mr. *Merton*, and
 my godson, would pay us a visit this
 autumn; your brother insists upon it,
 your father commands it, Lady *Mal-*
com petitions it. What can I say
 more? excepting that I am, with the
 utmost impatience to see you, my dear
 Mrs. *Merton's* ever sincere friend and
 affectionate sister,

at *Bolton Park*. Y^{rs} JULIA BOOTHBY.

F I N I S

